

STARBLAZER

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 120

20p



KILLER COMET

IT BROUGHT THE "MADNESS" THAT THREATENED TO DESTROY MANKIND

STARBLAZER

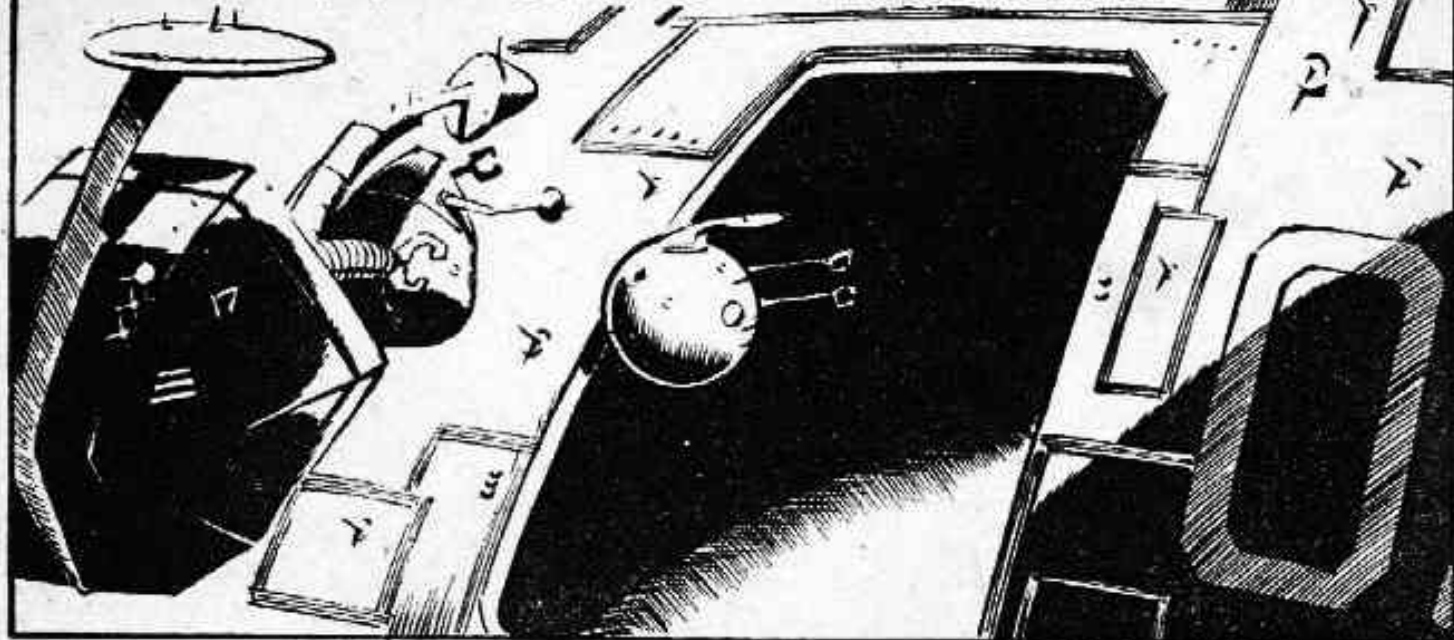


IN DEEP SPACE STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN . . .
THE STELLAR CRUISER ' VESTERION ' CRASHED INTO THE HEART
OF THE SUN UNDER THE DIRECT CONTROL OF HER CAPTAIN . . . THE
SPACE TUG ' CALLISTO IV ' ENGAGED FULL SPACE DRIVE WHILST
ANCHORED IN THE ASTEROID BELT, TEARING HERSELF IN TWO . . .
BUT THE STRANGEST CASE OF ALL BEGAN IN 2246 WHEN THE
TERRAN PROBESHIP, OSMA, WAS UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

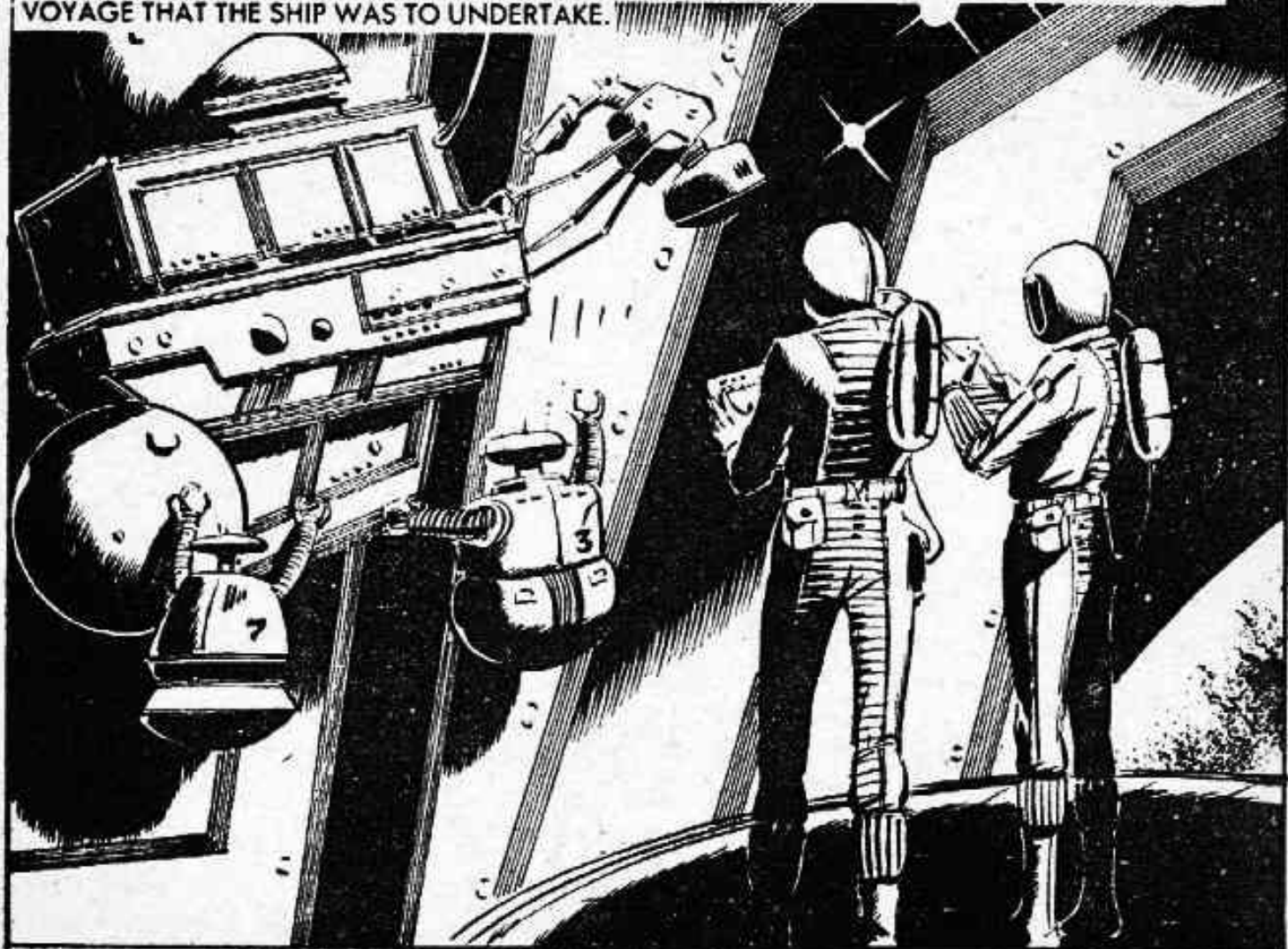


THE OSMA — ORBITAL STATION, MANNED — WAS
CONSTRUCTED IN THE VACUUM OF SPACE. IT TOOK YEARS ...

... AND WHEN THE DRONES HAD FINISHED PLATING THE OUTER HULL WITH METAL FORGED FROM THE ORES IN SATURN'S RINGS, THEY MOVED INSIDE THE MASSIVE SHIP.



DEEP INSIDE, LIEUTENANT ANDERSON AND LIEUTENANT TORRIN INSTRUCTED THE DRONES IN COMPLETING THE FITTING OF ALL THE MACHINERY AND EQUIPMENT NEEDED FOR THE LONG VOYAGE THAT THE SHIP WAS TO UNDERTAKE.



DURING CONSTRUCTION A LASER CHANNEL RUPTURED AND ONLY TORRIN'S QUICK REACTIONS SAVED ANDERSON FROM INCINERATION.



A BOND BUILT UP BETWEEN THEM, AND WHEN OSMA WAS READY TO TAKE MAN FURTHER INTO SPACE, LIEUTENANT MACK TORRIN WAS APPOINTED CHIEF ENGINEER.



THE SHIP DEPARTED, HER MOTORS DRIVING HER INTO THE DEEP BLACK VOID OF SPACE.



AS OSMA LEFT THE SOLAR SYSTEM, LIEUTENANT ANDERSON PREPARED FOR HIS LONG APPRENTICESHIP TO FULL ENGINEER —



WELL THAT'S PART OF MY EDUCATION, THANKS TO MACK — IT'LL BE 10 YEARS BEFORE I SEE HIM AGAIN. I WON'T WASTE HIS CAREFUL TEACHING.

THE YEARS PASSED WITH THE OSMA CREW WITNESSING SIGHTS NEVER SEEN BY A HUMAN BEFORE...



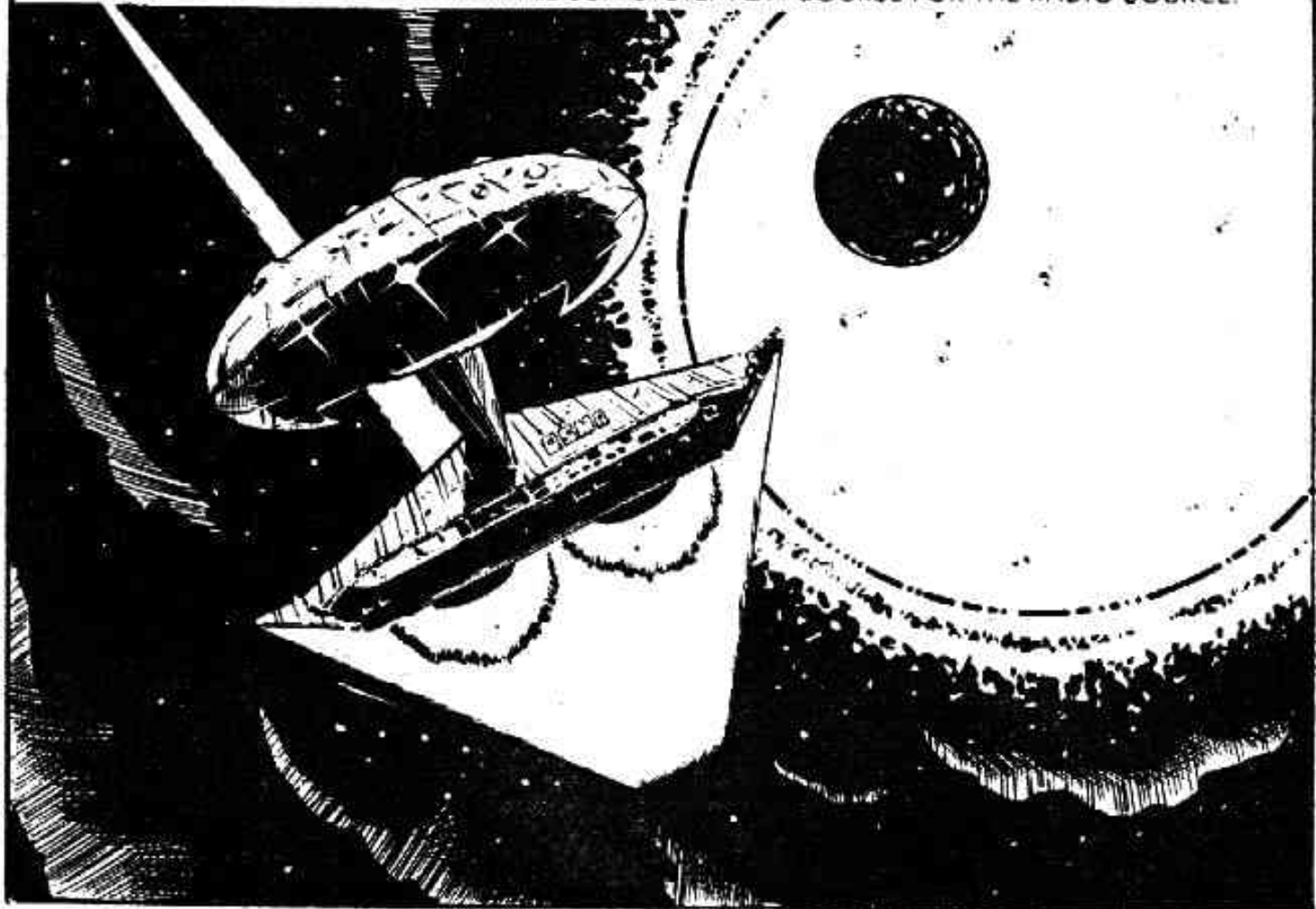
... THE ION STORMS OF ALPHA CENTAURI, THE THOUSAND COLOUR SUNSETS OF EPSILON FORNAX... ALL FAITHFULLY LOGGED BY LIEUTENANT MACK TORRIN.

THEY SKIRTED BLACK HOLES THAT SUCKED PLANETS INTO THEIR EVER HUNGRY CORES...

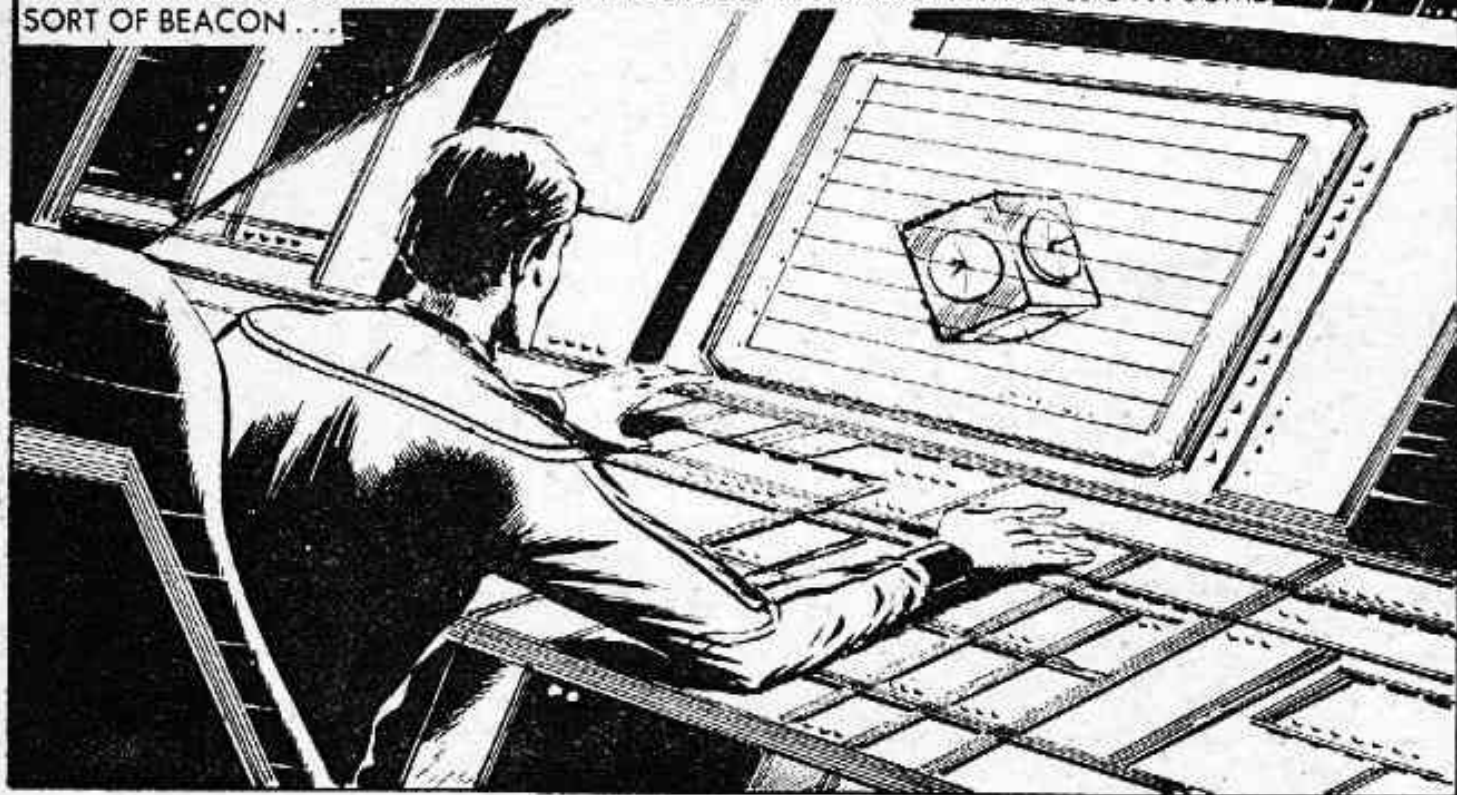




THE OSMA POWERED THROUGH A TRIPLE SUN SYSTEM ON COURSE FOR THE RADIO SOURCE.

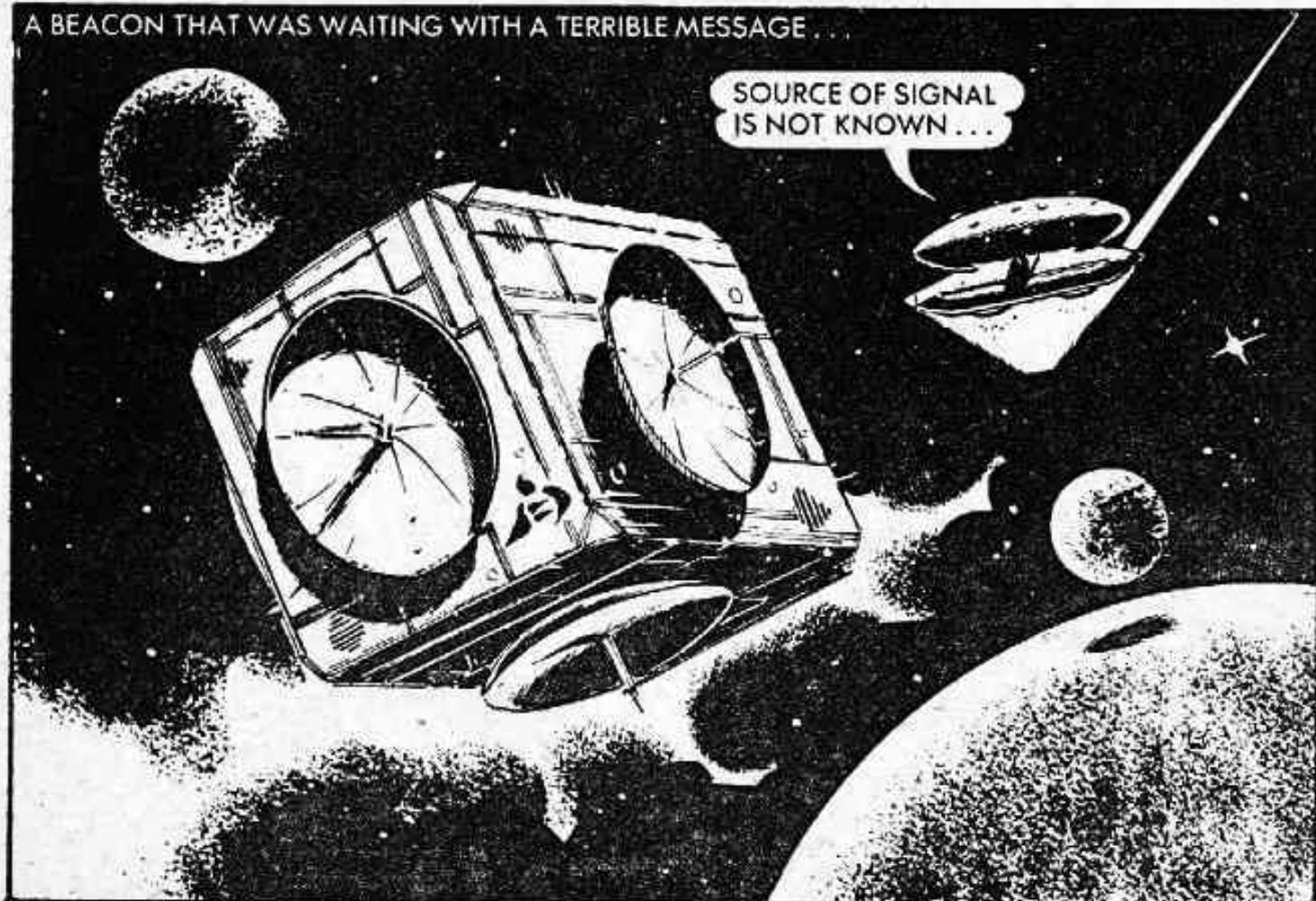


AND THEN THEY PICKED UP THE FIRST EVIDENCE OF LIFE IN SPACE BEYOND THE SOLAR SYSTEM... RADAR SCANNERS FOUND THE OBJECT... SMALL... METALLIC... SOME SORT OF BEACON...

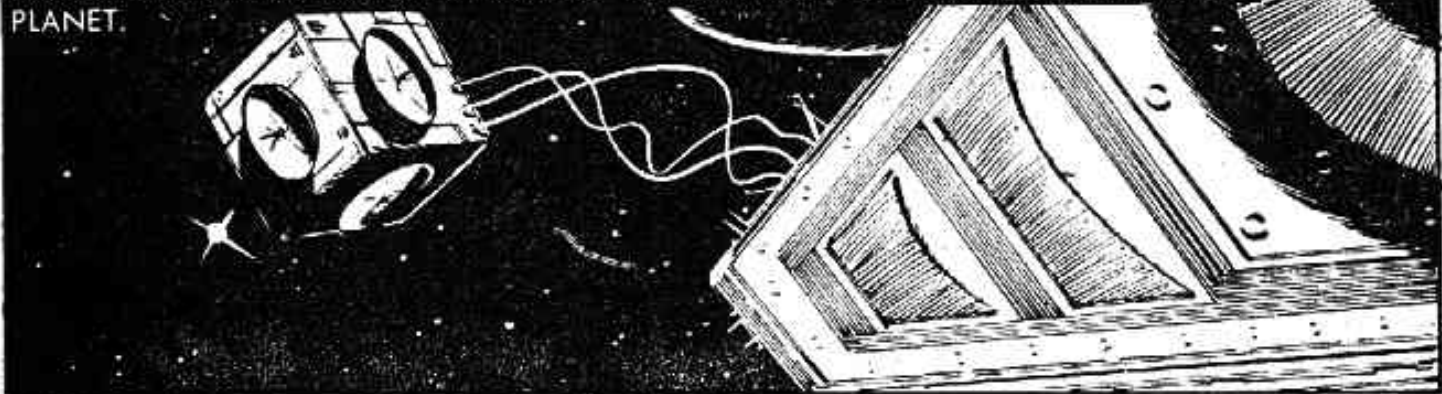


A BEACON THAT WAS WAITING WITH A TERRIBLE MESSAGE...

SOURCE OF SIGNAL
IS NOT KNOWN...



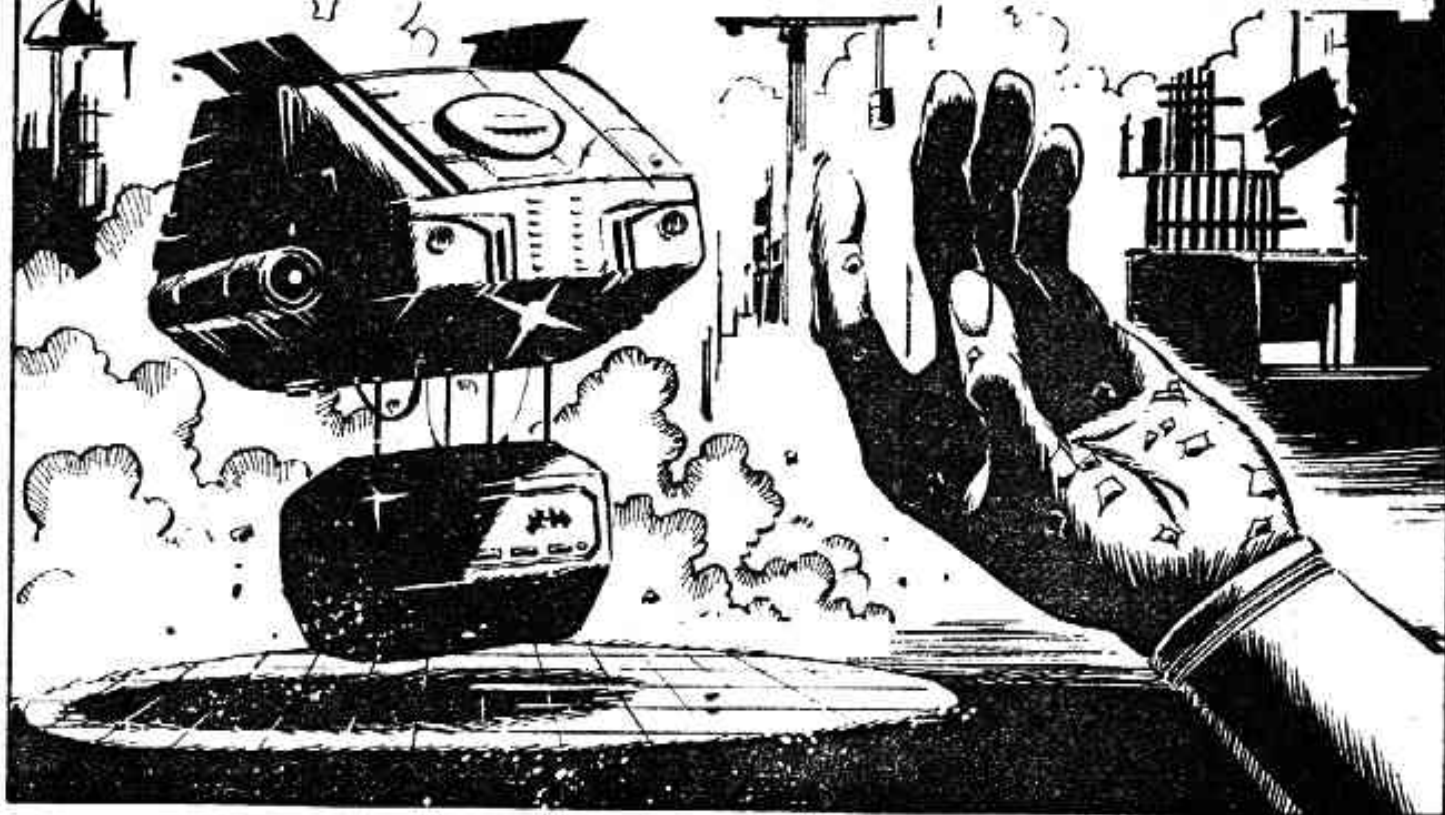
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TERMINALS WERE LINKED TO THE SHIP'S COMPUTER SYSTEM AND IT RELATED ITS STORY IN A BINARY LANGUAGE . . . A KILLER COMET HAD WANDERED THE SPACEWAYS SINCE THE CREATION OF THE UNIVERSE, INFECTED WITH A CHEMICAL STRUCTURE THAT BRED A DISEASE SO DEADLY THAT A HANDFUL OF THE MATERIAL COULD WIPE OUT AN ENTIRE PLANET.



THE WARNING BEACON HAD BEEN ONE OF MANY INSERTED INTO GALACTIC ORBITS. BY A ONCE GREAT NATION IN DECLINE AS A RESULT OF THE LETHAL COMET.



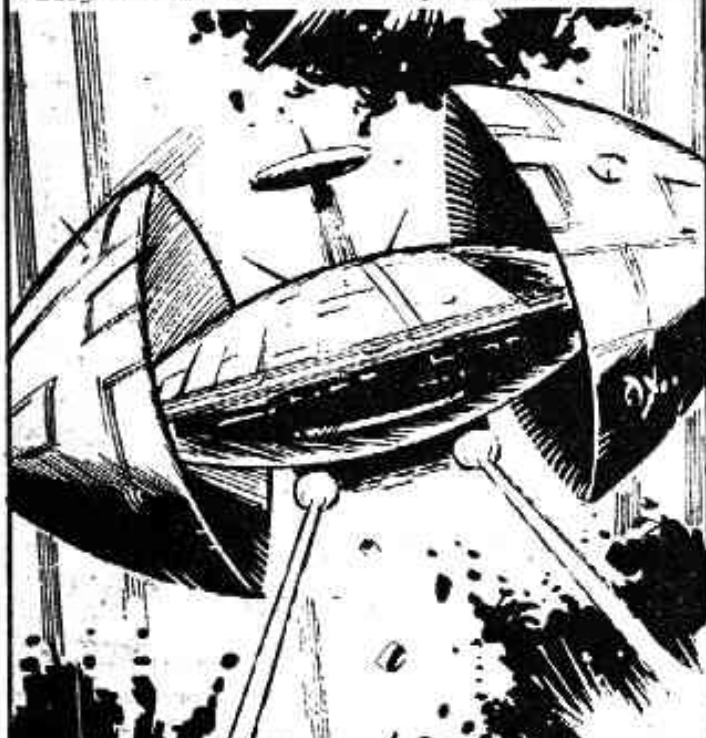
... IT SHARED THE PRODUCTS OF ITS TECHNOLOGY WITH ALL THE PEOPLES IT ENCOUNTERED ...



... AND THEN THE COMET PASSED CLOSE TO THEIR HOME SUN. MATERIAL WAS DRAWN FROM THE DEADLY VISITOR BY THE GRAVITATION OF NEARBY PLANETS ...



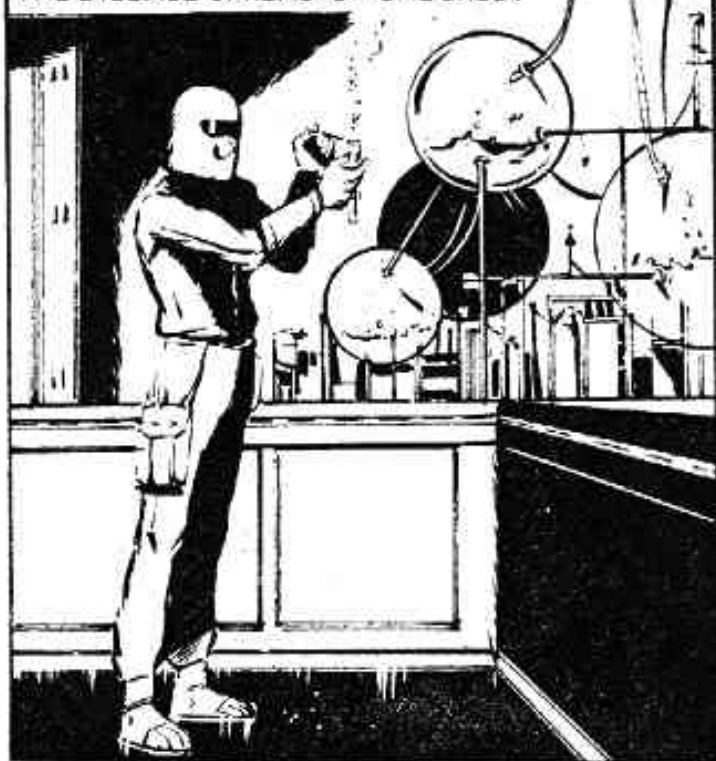
DRIVEN BY THE SOLAR WINDS, THE VIRUS ENTERED THE PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE. AS ALL LIFE IN THIS SECTOR OF THE GALAXY WAS BASICALLY MAMMALIAN, THE CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM WAS AFFECTED, A MADNESS, AN IRRATIONAL HATRED OF FELLOW BEINGS WELLED UP IN THE ALIENS—



OUR COMRADES TRY TO KILL US!
WHEN I REACH SAFETY, I'M GOING
TO KILL YOU.



SCIENTISTS IN OTHER SYSTEMS TRIED TO FIND AN ANTIDOTE, BUT THEY WERE TOO LATE — THE DISEASE SPREAD UNCHECKED.



THE KILLER COMET SWEEP ON.



... AN ENTIRE CIVILISATION PERISHED.



AS OSMA DRIFTED THROUGH THE LONG AGO INFECTED AREA OF SPACE—



AFFECTED BY THE VIRUS, MACK TORRIN STRUGGLED TO RETAIN SANITY LONG ENOUGH TO REACH SAFETY—

WHAT IS THIS INSANITY?



ONE BY ONE THE CREW KILLED EACH OTHER—



WITH NO HUMAN CONTACT, THE VIRUS LAY DORMANT IN TORRIN'S SYSTEM. HE COULDN'T RISK FURTHER INFECTION BY LEAVING THE SEALED COMMAND UNIT.

SO I'M TRAPPED HERE... ALL ALONE
ON A VAST SHIP WITH ONLY A
COMPUTER TO PLAY WITH!



ALONE ON THE VAST CRAFT, TORRIN TRANSFERRED ALL THE BEACON'S INFORMATION TO OSMA'S COMPUTER. IT TOLD OF AN ANTIDOTE AND THE ATTEMPTS MADE TO SAVE THE GALAXY.

ROBODRONES WERE CONSTRUCTED TO TAKE AMPULES OF ANTIDOTE TO ALL THREATENED PLANETS THAT LAY IN THE PATH OF THE KILLER COMMET . . .



THE ROBODRONES WERE LAUNCHED TO SPEED TO ALL PARTS OF THE GALAXY—



TOO LATE TO SAVE THEMSELVES THEY SENT THEIR DRONES TO THE SYSTEMS BEYOND. THE DRONES WERE PROGRAMMED TO MAKE CONTACT WITH INHABITED PLANETS AND LEAVE THE ANTIDOTE WITH THE LEADERS . . .



FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS THEY MOVED AHEAD OF THE COMET, SENDING BACK, BY LIGHT PULSE WAVE, THE RECORD OF THEIR VISITS . . .

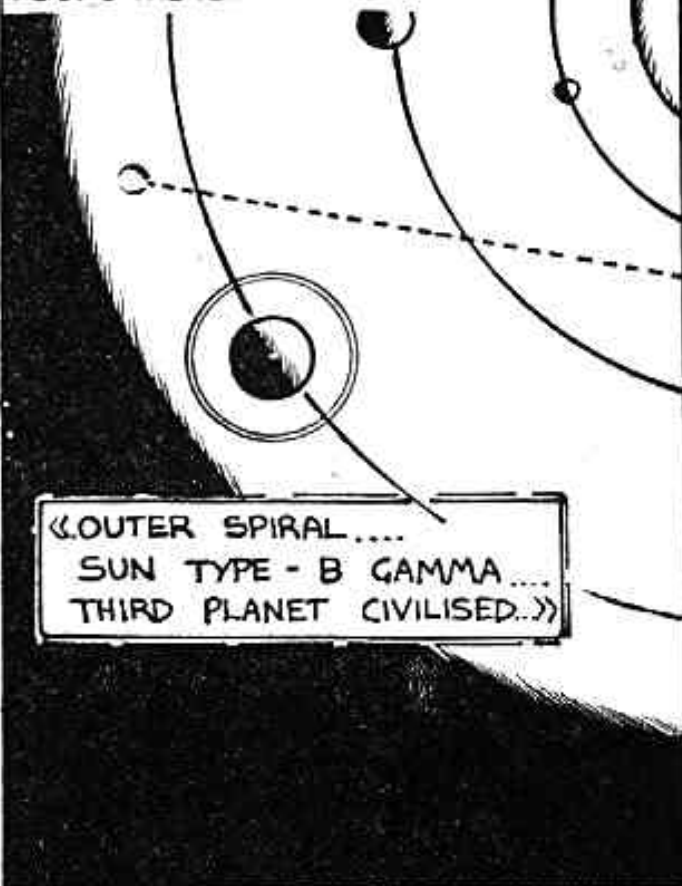


IT WAS THEN THAT TORRIN REALISED
SOMETHING —



JUPE! EARTH LIES RIGHT IN THE
COMET'S PATH.

HE SEARCHED THE BEACON'S MEMORY FOR A
REPORT FROM THE DRONES ON EARTH AND
FOUND THE TERRIBLE TRUTH...



«OUTER SPIRAL....
SUN TYPE - B GAMMA....
THIRD PLANET CIVILISED...»

THE DRONE HAD REACHED THE EARTH, LONG BEFORE OSMA WAS THOUGHT OF, AND IT
WAS ATTRACTED BY TERRAN DEFENCE SYSTEMS.



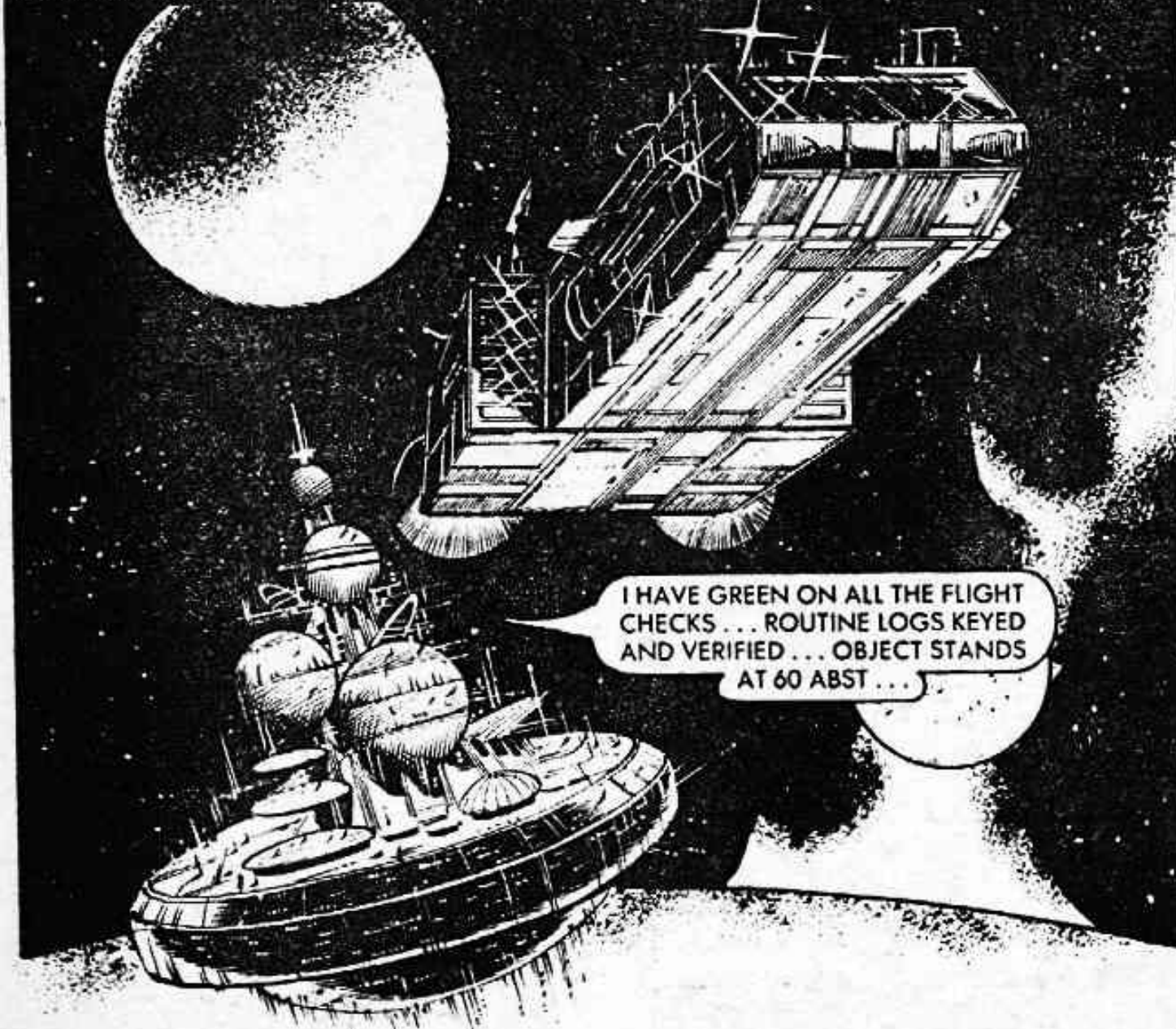
CRITICALLY DAMAGED, THE ROBOT PLUNGED TO EARTH. IT SEARCHED FOR A SAFE PLACE TO STORE THE ANTIDOTE . . .




FINDING IT, AND WITH ITS FUNCTIONS RAPIDLY FAILING IT FLASHED ITS MESSAGE TO THE BEACON . . .

BUT THE PULSE BEAM DISINTEGRATED IN EARTH'S
ACTIVATED POSITRON DEFENCE FIELD LEAVING
NO CLUE OF THE ANTIDOTE'S WHEREABOUTS.

YEARS PASSED AND OSMA WAS LAUNCHED. ANDERSON BECAME A PILOT LIEUTENANT,
AND FROM HIS STATION NEAR NEPTUNE.



I HAVE GREEN ON ALL THE FLIGHT
CHECKS ... ROUTINE LOGS KEYED
AND VERIFIED ... OBJECT STANDS
AT 60 ABST ...

A black and white comic book panel showing a man, Lieutenant Brian Anderson, in a spacecraft cockpit. He is wearing a flight suit and is looking towards the right with a concerned expression. His right hand is on a control panel. The cockpit has various panels and windows.

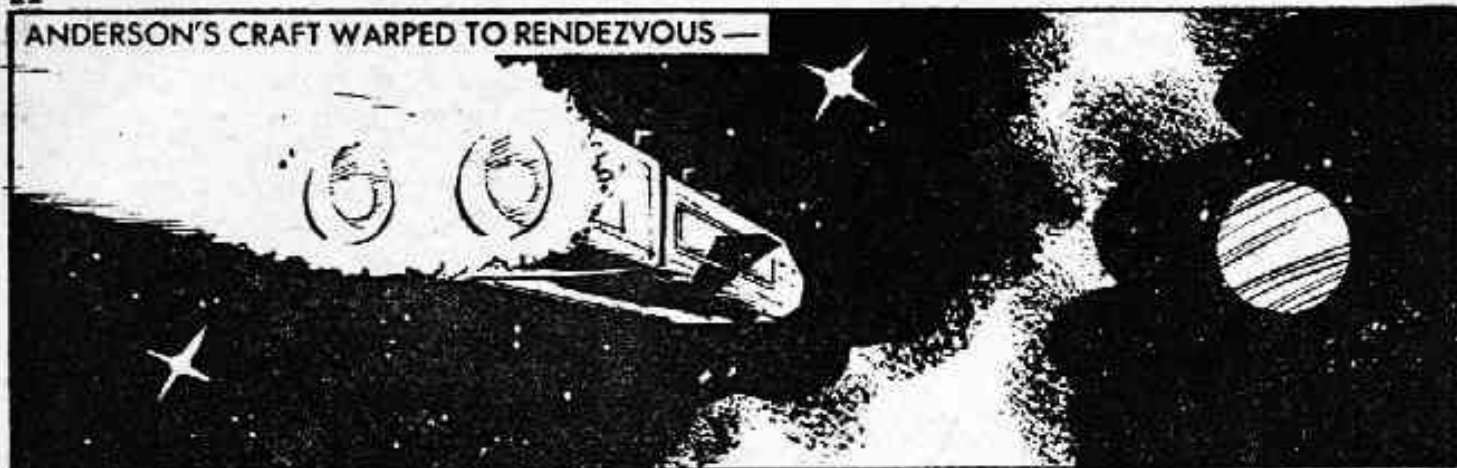
GET THERE FAST ANDERSON. IT'S THE OSMA ...
SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH ITS APPROACH
PATH. TEN YEARS IN SPACE DRIVE HAS LEFT HER
OUT OF CONTACT FOR TOO LONG.

IN HIS CRAFT, LIEUTENANT BRIAN ANDERSON FED MAXIMUM DRIVE TO THE ION MOTOR LINKS
AND THE SURVEY SHIP SPED TOWARDS OSMA IN THE DISTANCE.

A black and white comic book panel showing Lieutenant Brian Anderson from behind, sitting at a console and looking at a large screen. The screen displays a large, textured sphere (the OSMA) in space, with a smaller sphere and a ringed planet visible in the background. Anderson is looking at a control panel with various buttons and a small display.

THE OSMA COMING
BACK AT LAST ...

ANDERSON'S CRAFT WARPED TO RENDEZVOUS —



BUT —

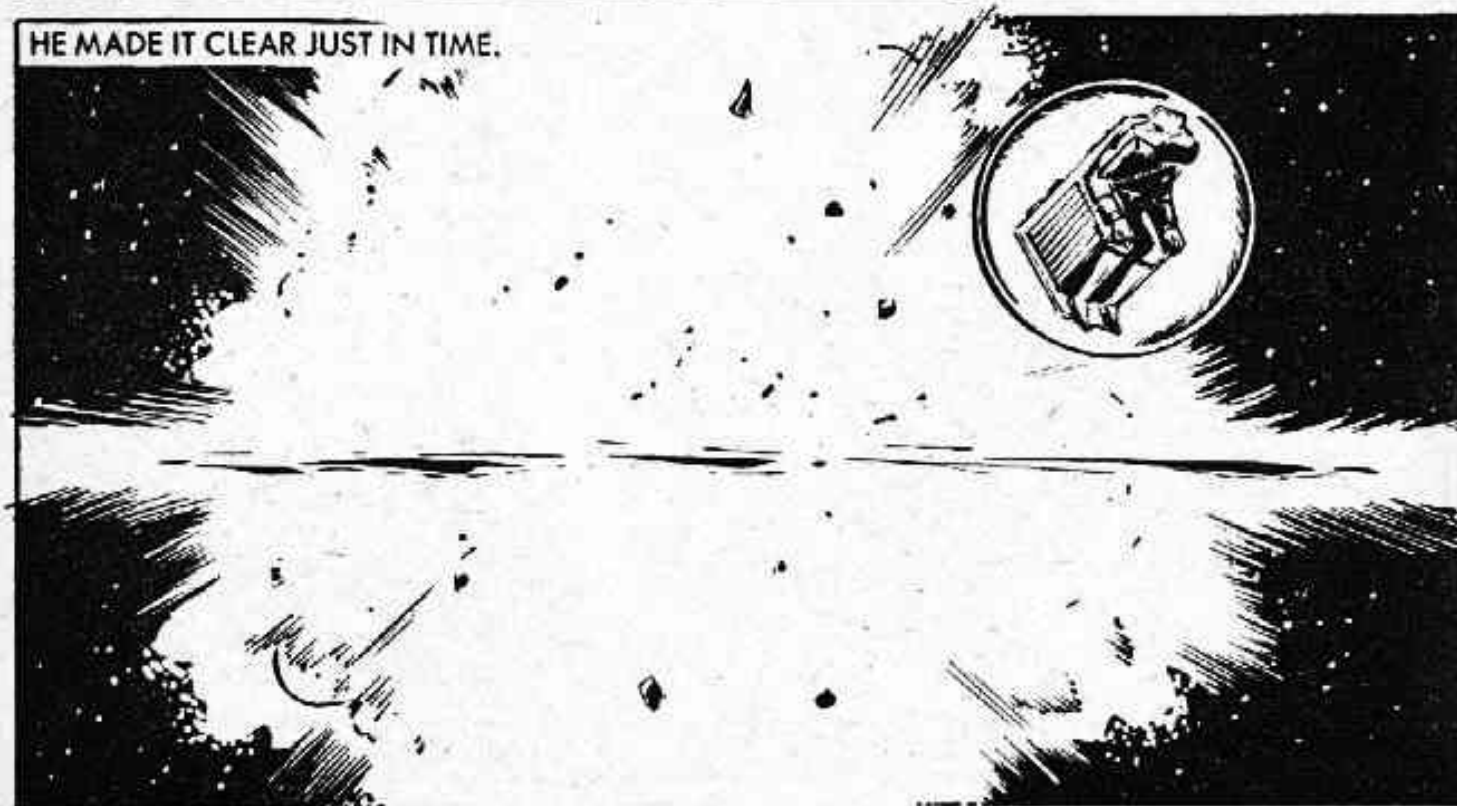
UNDER ATTACK... EVADE... EVADE...

ALERT!

WHAT'S THAT ON THE SCANNER...
IT'S A PROTON MISSILE... EJECT —
IT'S LOCKED ON.

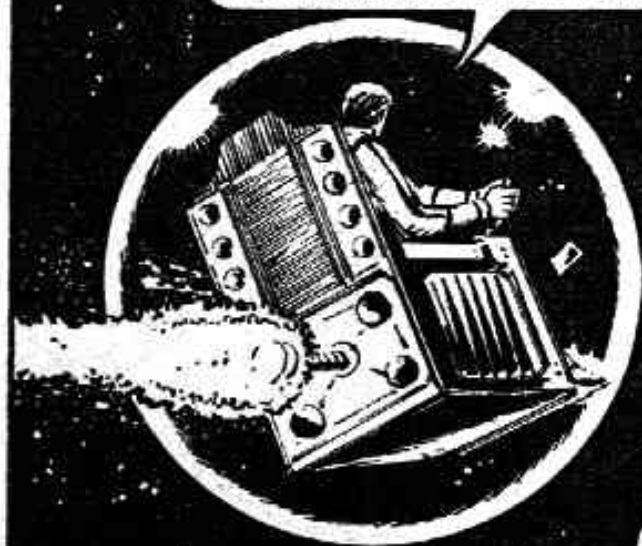


HE MADE IT CLEAR JUST IN TIME.



BRIAN ANDERSON TUMBLED THROUGH SPACE IN HIS LIFE BUBBLE.

MUST TAKE CONTROL ... HEADING STRAIGHT
TOWARDS THAT GROUP OF ASTEROIDS ...



THE WEAK SUNLIGHT WAS HIS ONLY GUIDE.

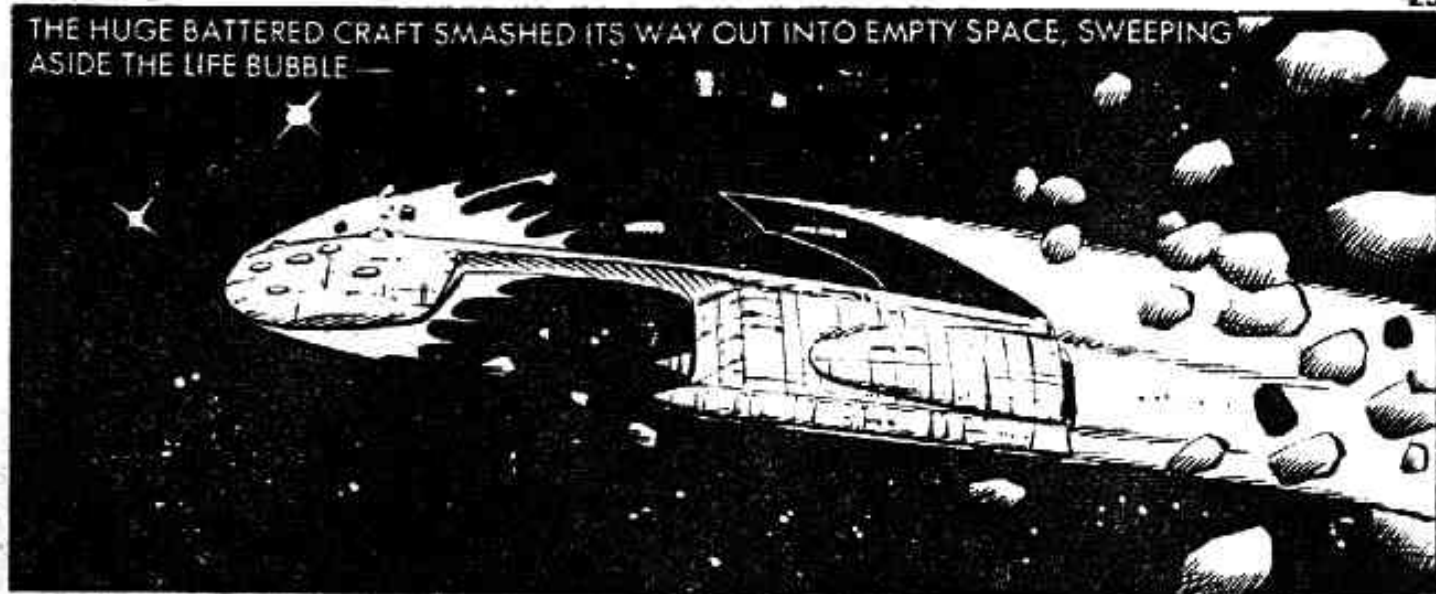
TOO FAR AWAY FROM NEPTUNE BASE ... WAIT
... WHAT'S THAT IN THE DISTANCE ... IT
MUST HAVE FIRED THE MISSILES ... IT'S COMING
STRAIGHT TOWARDS ME ...





NO LIGHTS ON HER . . . IT'S GOING TOO FAST
TO SEE A SMALL OBJECT LIKE ME . . . CAN'T
GET OUT OF HER WAY . . . JUPE — IT'S THE OSMA.

THE HUGE BATTERED CRAFT SMASHED ITS WAY OUT INTO EMPTY SPACE, SWEEPING ASIDE THE LIFE BUBBLE —



IN THE CONTROL ROOM OF THE ONCE PROUD SHIP SAT MACK TORRIN —



HE LISTENED ONCE MORE TO THE RECORDED VOICE OF THE LONG DEAD CAPTAIN OF THE OSMA.



BEFORE THE MADNESS COMES AGAIN... YOU MUST STOP IT... WARN EARTH... YOU MUST SAVE THE EARTH... YOU MUST.

MEANWHILE, A WORRIED BASE COMMANDER COMMUNICATED VIA VID-LINK WITH THE SPACE COUNCIL ON EARTH.

THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE OSMA. OUR TELEMETRY SYSTEMS SHOW SHE IS NOW ON A DIRECT COLLISION COURSE WITH THIS BASE.



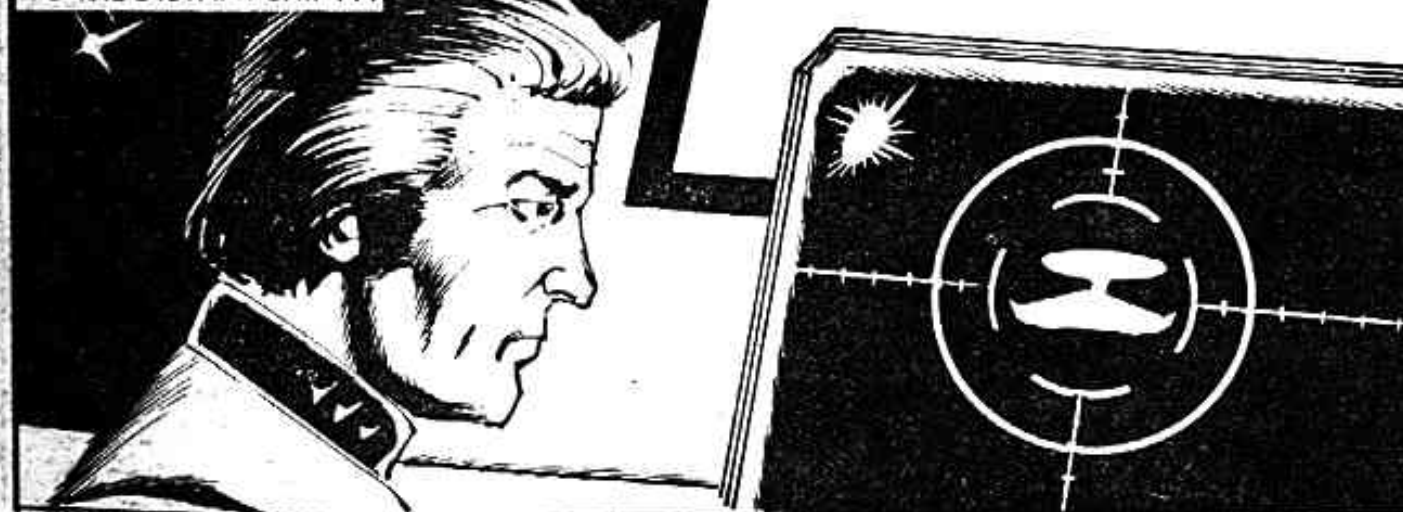
ON THE EARTH SURVEY BASE, THE COMMANDER CUT COMMUNICATIONS WITH EARTH.



AS THE DEFENCE SYSTEMS OF THE SURVEY BASE SWUNG INTO READINESS, A MESSAGE WAS RELAYED TO THE BASE COMMANDER BY COMPUTER.



THE BASE COMMANDER LOCKED THE COMPUTER-ASSISTED TARGETTING CONTROLS ON TO THE DISTANT SHIP...



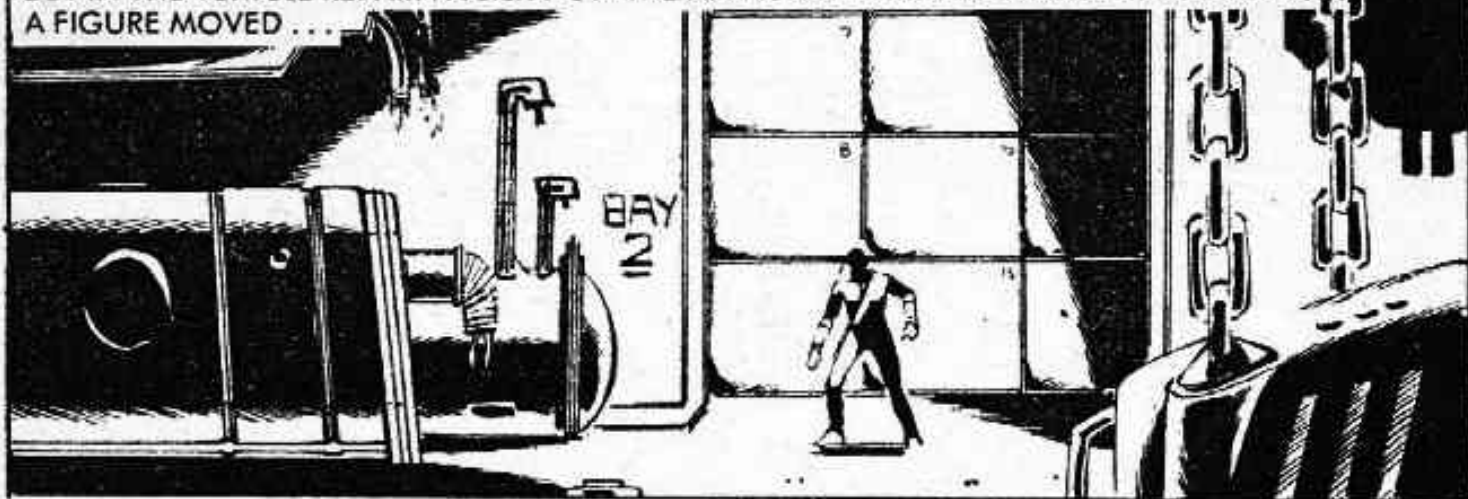
... AND THE BASE AWAITED HIS FINAL COMMAND.

PREPARE TO LAUNCH
ALL MISSILES.

CHIK!

TARGET LOCKED AND TRACKED.

BUT IN THE VEHICLE REPAIR FACILITY ON THE APPROACHING DEEP SPACE PROBE OSMA,
A FIGURE MOVED ...



THANK THE STARS ... I WAS DRAWN IN
THROUGH AN AIR LOCK WHICH CLOSED ON
IMPACT WITH THE ASTEROIDS ... THE CABLES
STOPPED ME FROM SMASHING INTO THE HULL
WALLS.



ANDERSON SEARCHED FOR THE CONTROL ROOM ...

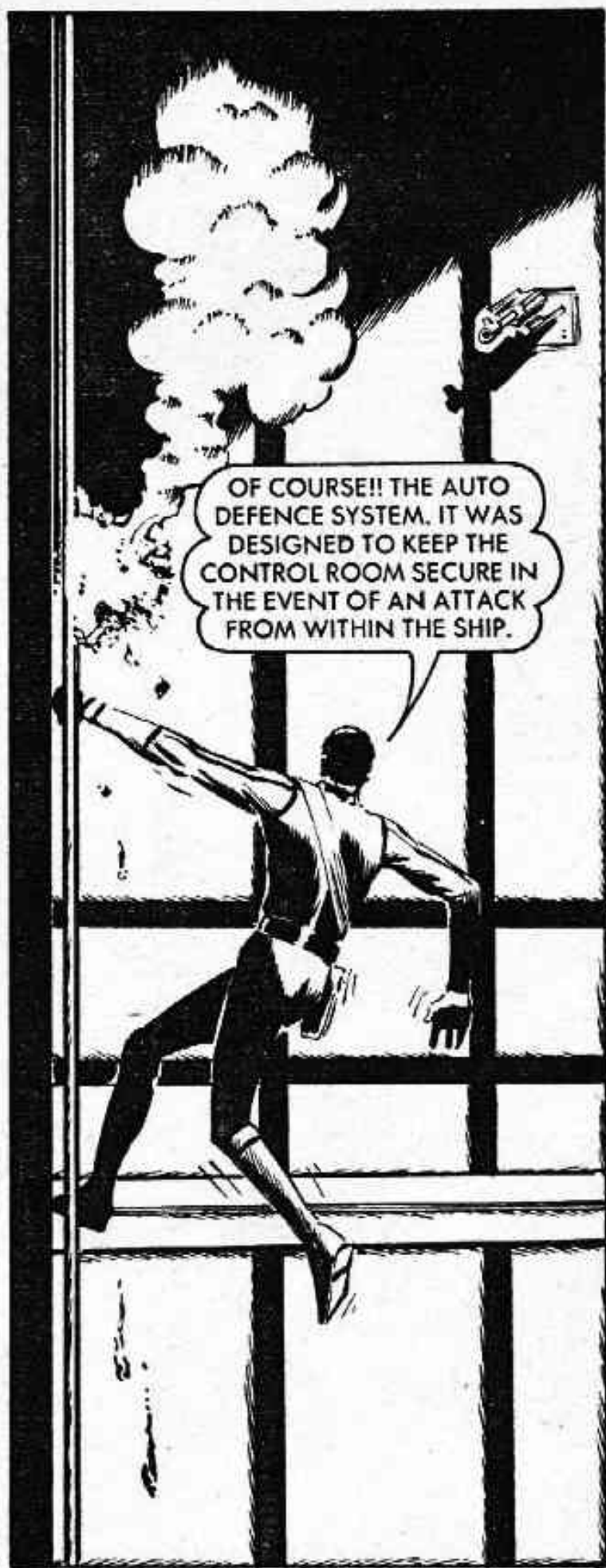
STRANGE ... NO SIGN
OF THE CREW.

HE HEADED FOR AN UPPER DECK.

THE CONTROL ROOM
IS UP HERE ...



SUDDENLY A LASER FLASH LANCED OUT —



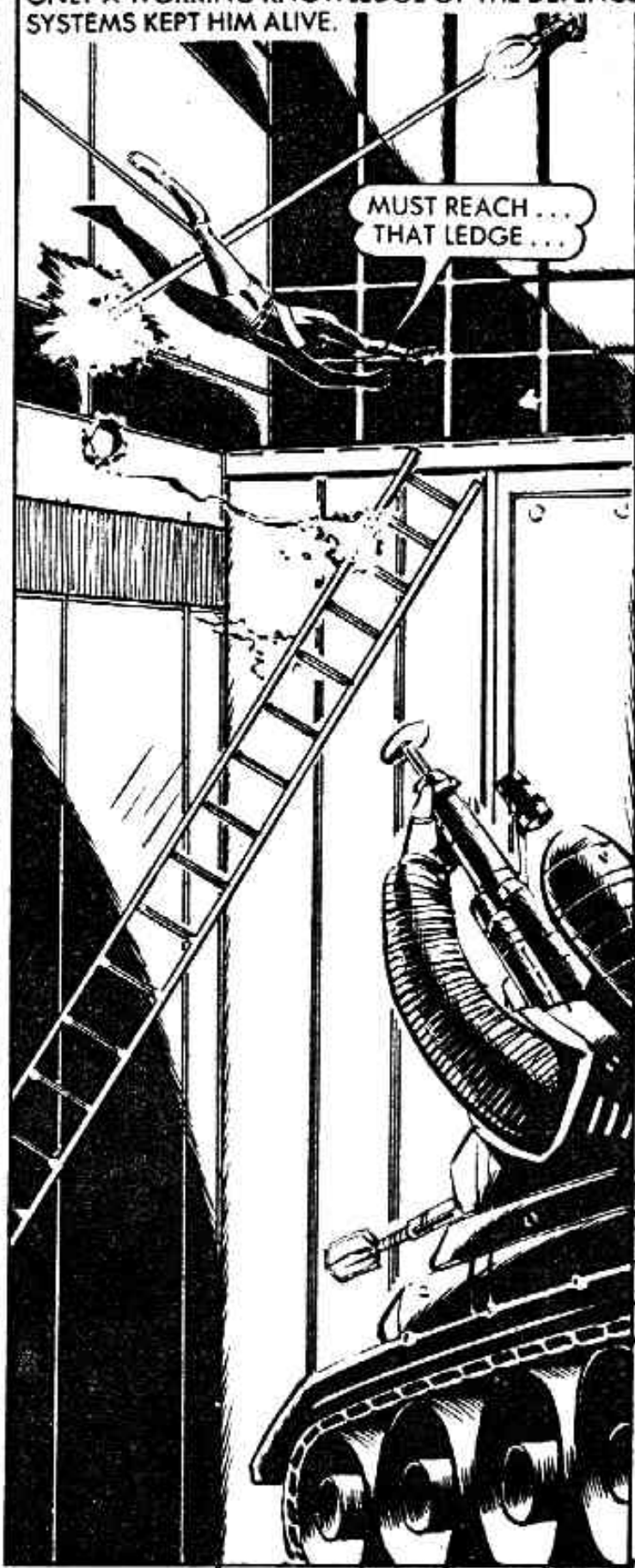
LASER WEAPONS RETARGETED ON THEIR PREY AS THE VOICE OF TORRIN BOOMED THROUGH THE SHIP.

LISTEN TO ME ... LISTEN ...
THERE IS GREAT DANGER ...
THE EARTH WILL BE
DESTROYED ...



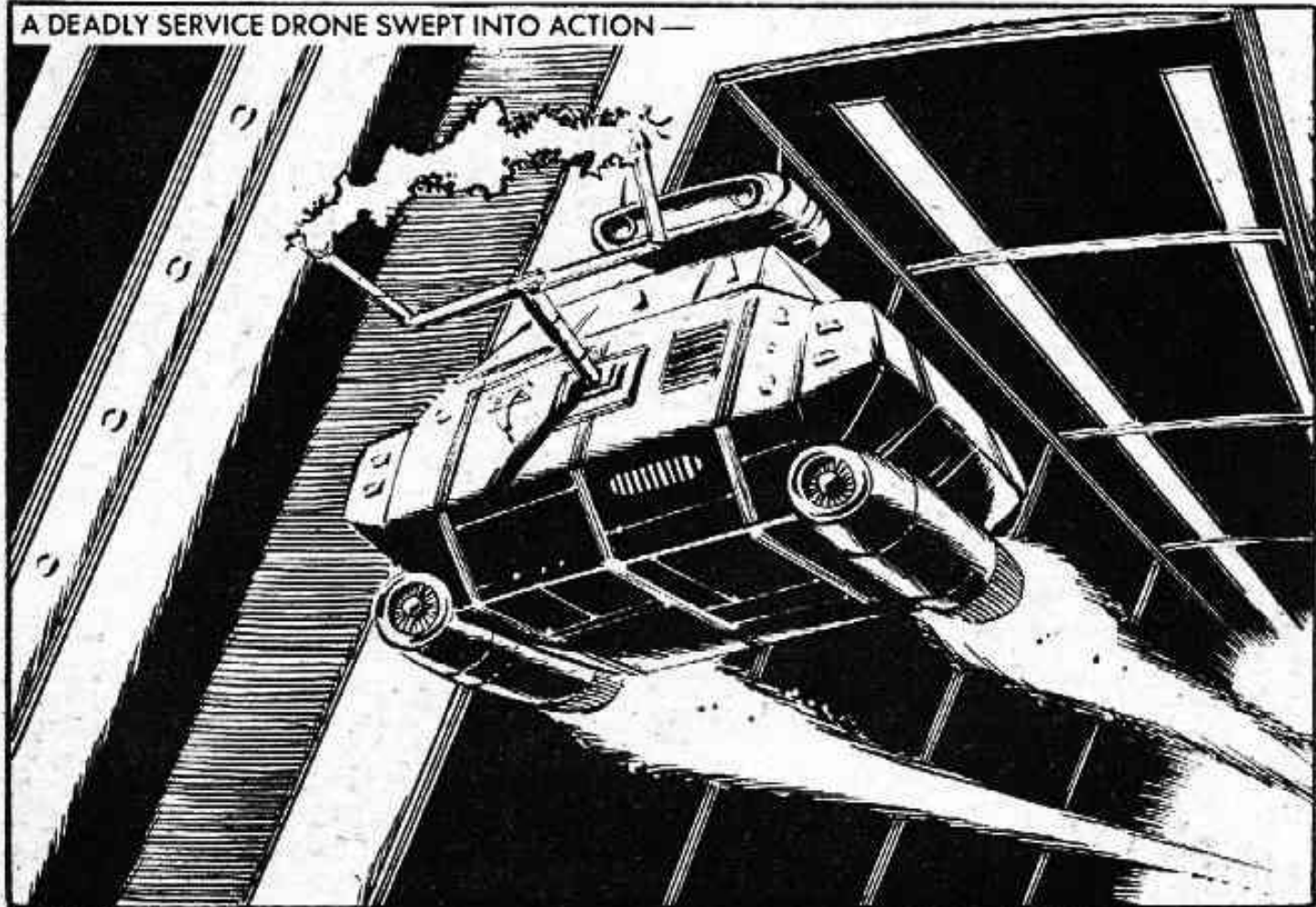
ONLY A WORKING KNOWLEDGE OF THE DEFENCE SYSTEMS KEPT HIM ALIVE.

MUST REACH ...
THAT LEDGE ...





A DEADLY SERVICE DRONE SWEEPED INTO ACTION —



WHILE IN THE CONTROL ROOM OF THE MIGHTY SHIP THERE WAS NO MOVEMENT AS YEARS OF STRAIN TOOK THEIR TOLL ON THE GAUNT FIGURE AT THE CONTROLS . . .



... AND THE OSMA LEAPT FORWARD AT MAXIMUM THRUST TOWARDS EARTH SURVEY BASE.



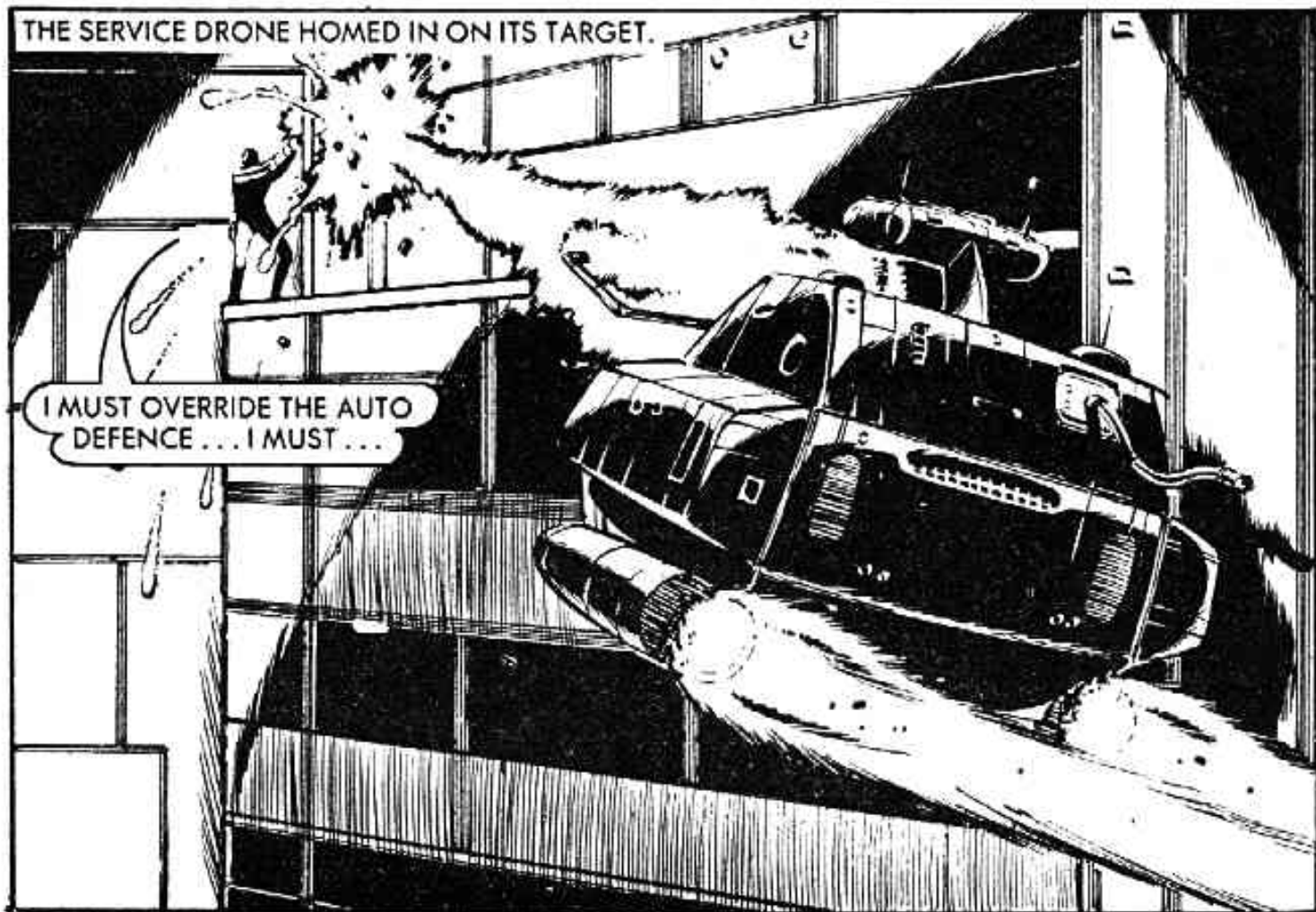
ANDERSON HEARD THE SHIP'S MOTORS CHANGE THEIR TUNE TO A WHINING SCREAM.

JUPE! MAXBOOST! ONLY HOPE IS TO BY-PASS
THE CONTROL ROOM COMPUTER LINES...



THE SERVICE DRONE HOMED IN ON ITS TARGET.

I MUST OVERRIDE THE AUTO
DEFENCE... I MUST...



BUT ON THE SURVEY BASE TIME HAD RUN OUT —



LOCK AND FIRE ALL MISSILES
AT THE OSMA ... NOW ...

JUST IN TIME ANDERSON SHORT-CIRCUITED THE
AUTO DEFENCE SYSTEM AND THE CRAFT
SLOWED —



ANDERSON LEAPT ON TO THE SERVICE DRONE...

NOW TO THE CONTROL ROOM.
THERE MAY STILL BE TIME.



THERE IT IS.



HE REACHED THE CONTROL ROOM AND SPURTED INSIDE.



THE DOORS SWUNG OPEN AND ANDERSON STARED AT THE FIGURE
SLUMPED AT THE CONTROLS —



MACK... IT'S YOU...

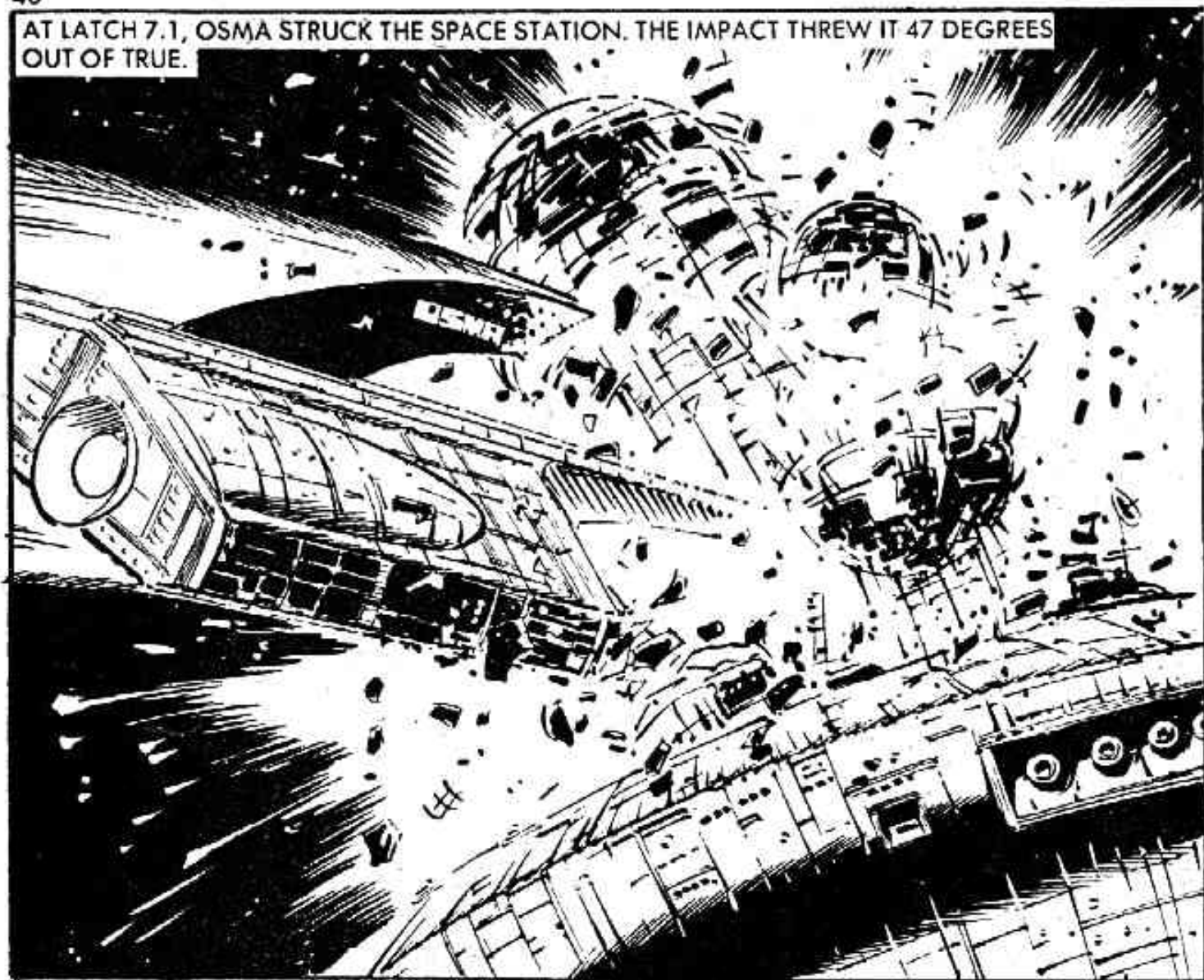


BUT THE FIRST SALVO OF MISSILES REACHED TARGET —

ALMOST OUT OF CONTROL THE STRICKEN SHIP THUNDERED ON ITS WAY —



AT LATCH 7.1, OSMA STRUCK THE SPACE STATION. THE IMPACT THREW IT 47 DEGREES OUT OF TRUE.



ON EARTH, THE SPACE COUNCIL WITNESSED THE TRAGEDY.

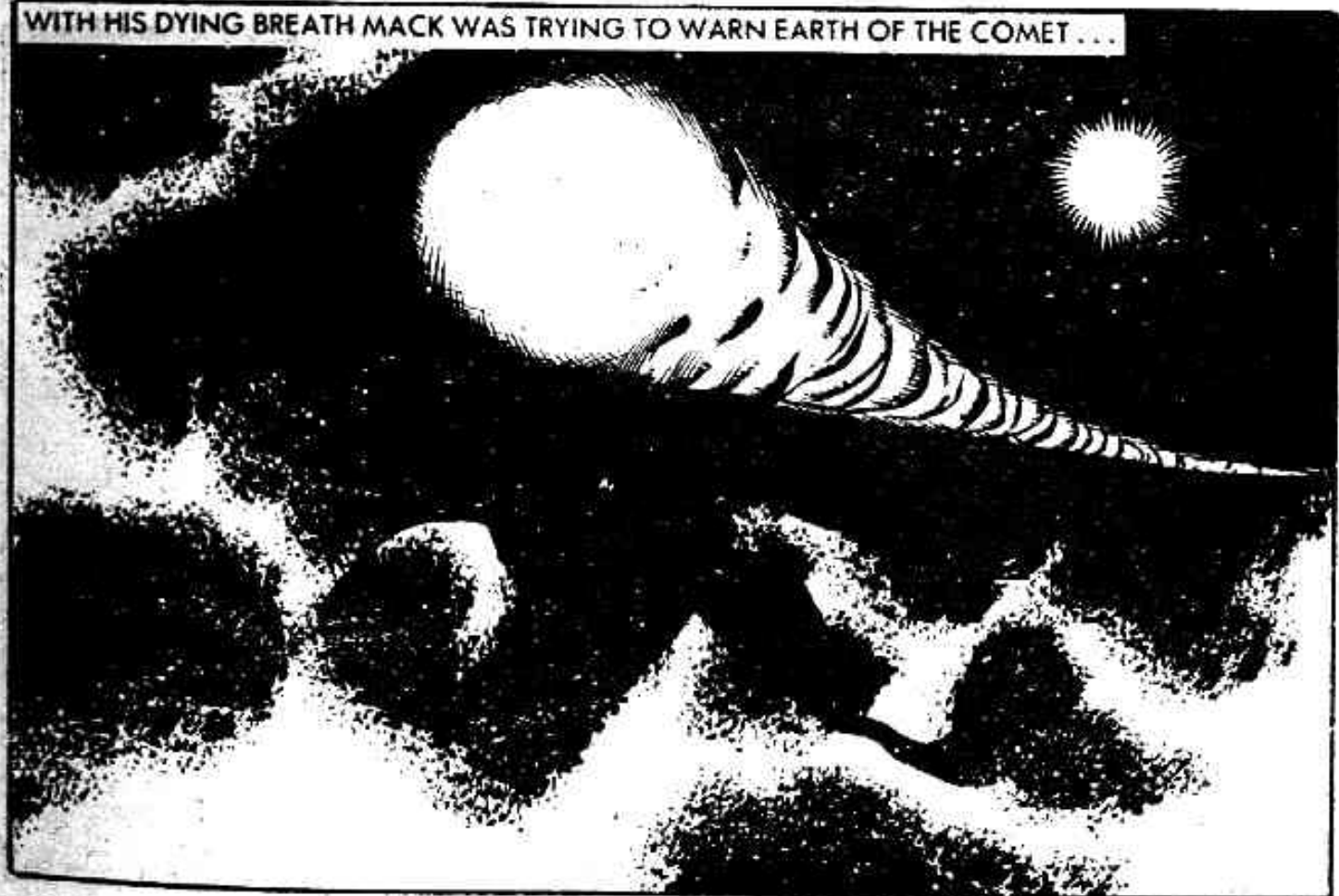


PREPARE A STATEMENT—CELEBRATIONS TO WELCOME THE RETURN OF THE OSMA WERE HALTED TODAY WHEN IT WAS LEARNED THAT THE MISSION MAY HAVE BEEN A FAILURE. LATEST REPORTS ARE OF A COLLISION WITH THE SURVEY BASE IN ORBIT OF NEPTUNE...

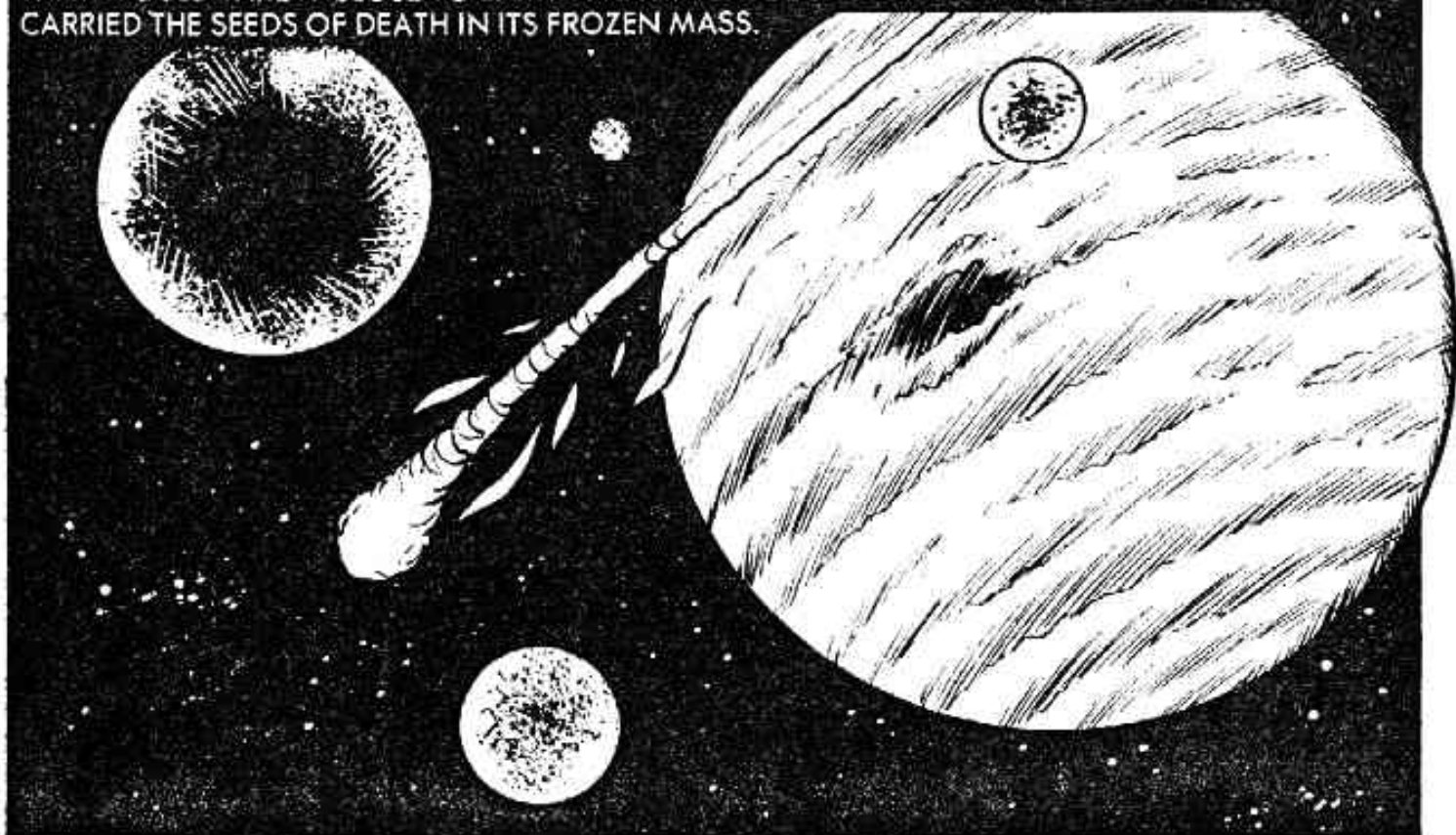
IN THE DEBRIS OF THE CRASH, EYES FLICKERED OPEN —



WITH HIS DYING BREATH MACK WAS TRYING TO WARN EARTH OF THE COMET...



BUT, UNSEEN IT ENTERED THE SOLAR SYSTEM AND SPED PAST THE PLANETS ON A COURSE THAT WOULD TAKE IT CLOSE TO EARTH. NOTHING COULD STOP THE KILLER COMET THAT CARRIED THE SEEDS OF DEATH IN ITS FROZEN MASS.



IN THE TANGLED WRECKAGE, A DAZED FIGURE PULLED HIMSELF CLEAR OF SOME WRECKAGE —

SOMEHOW THIS PART OF THE OSMA SURVIVED THE COLLISION.



BRIAN FOUND MACK STILL ALIVE —



BRIAN ... SWITCH TO CODE 0102
ON MY PORTAMEMORY ... AND LISTEN!!

THE PORTAMEMORY RELATED THE STORY —



... YOU MUST FIND THE ANTIDOTE ... THERE
ARE NO CO-ORDINATES, JUST CLUES.



MACK'S STRENGTH GAVE OUT AND HE DIED. THERE WAS LITTLE ANDERSON COULD DO BUT USE A SHUTTLE TO ESCAPE.



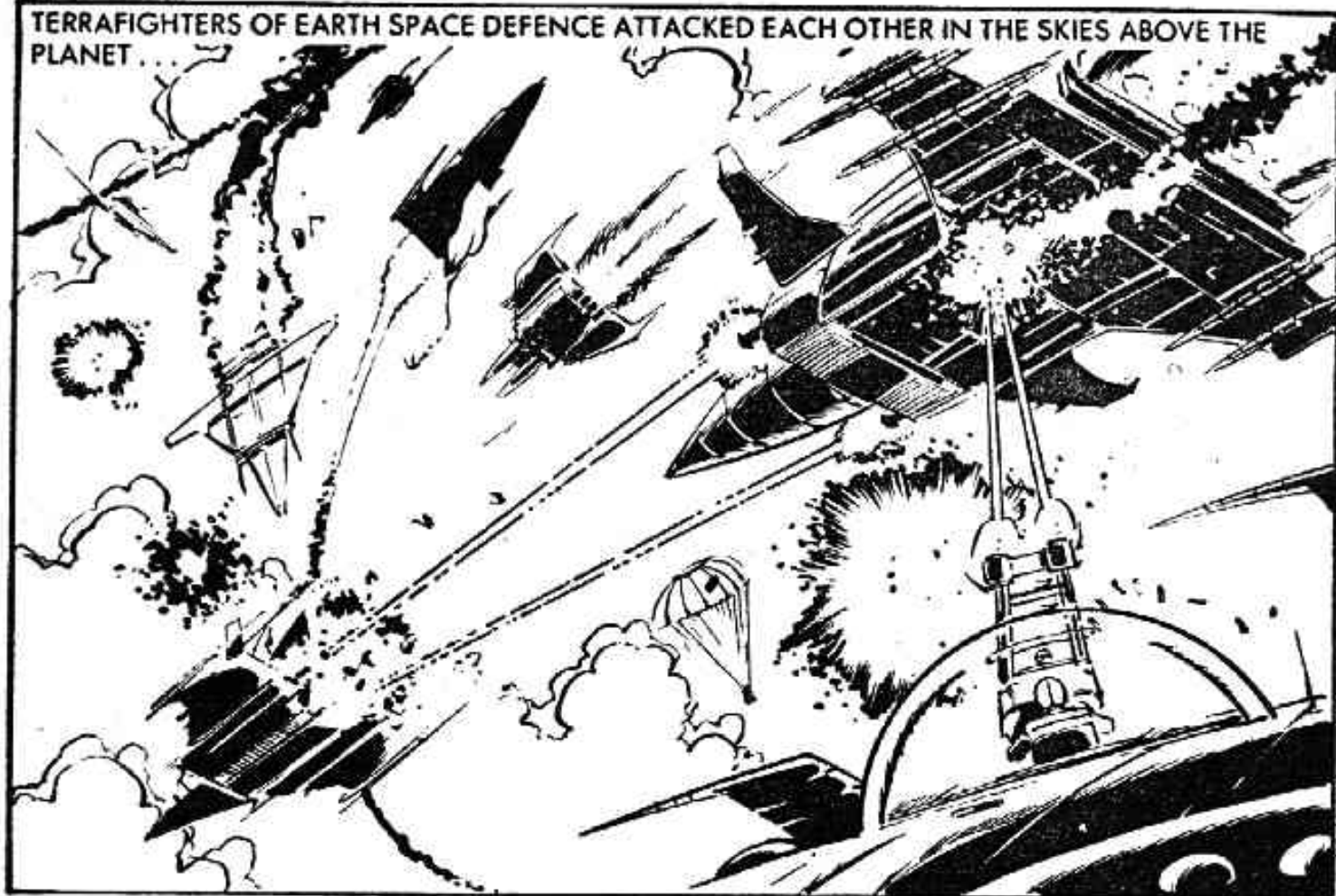
THE REMNANTS OF THE OSMA WERE RIPPED APART BY A MASSIVE EXPLOSION AS DRIVE UNITS FRACTURED IN THE COLLISION, RELEASED THEIR ENERGY UNCHECKED.

I WILL NEVER FORGET YOU MACK... I WILL FIND THE ANTIDOTE. ALL OF US OWE THAT MUCH TO THE GREAT CIVILISATION THAT ONCE REIGNED BEYOND THE STARS.

BUT THE DEADLY VIRUS HAD ALREADY STARTED HAVING AN EFFECT.



TERRAFIGHTERS OF EARTH SPACE DEFENCE ATTACKED EACH OTHER IN THE SKIES ABOVE THE PLANET...



AND ON EARTH, CHAOS REIGNED. THE WORLD PRESIDENT RECEIVED GRIM NEWS FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE.



WE ARE DOOMED! THE HUMAN RACE WAS
MAKING SUCH GREAT STEPS FORWARD AND
NOW ...



...

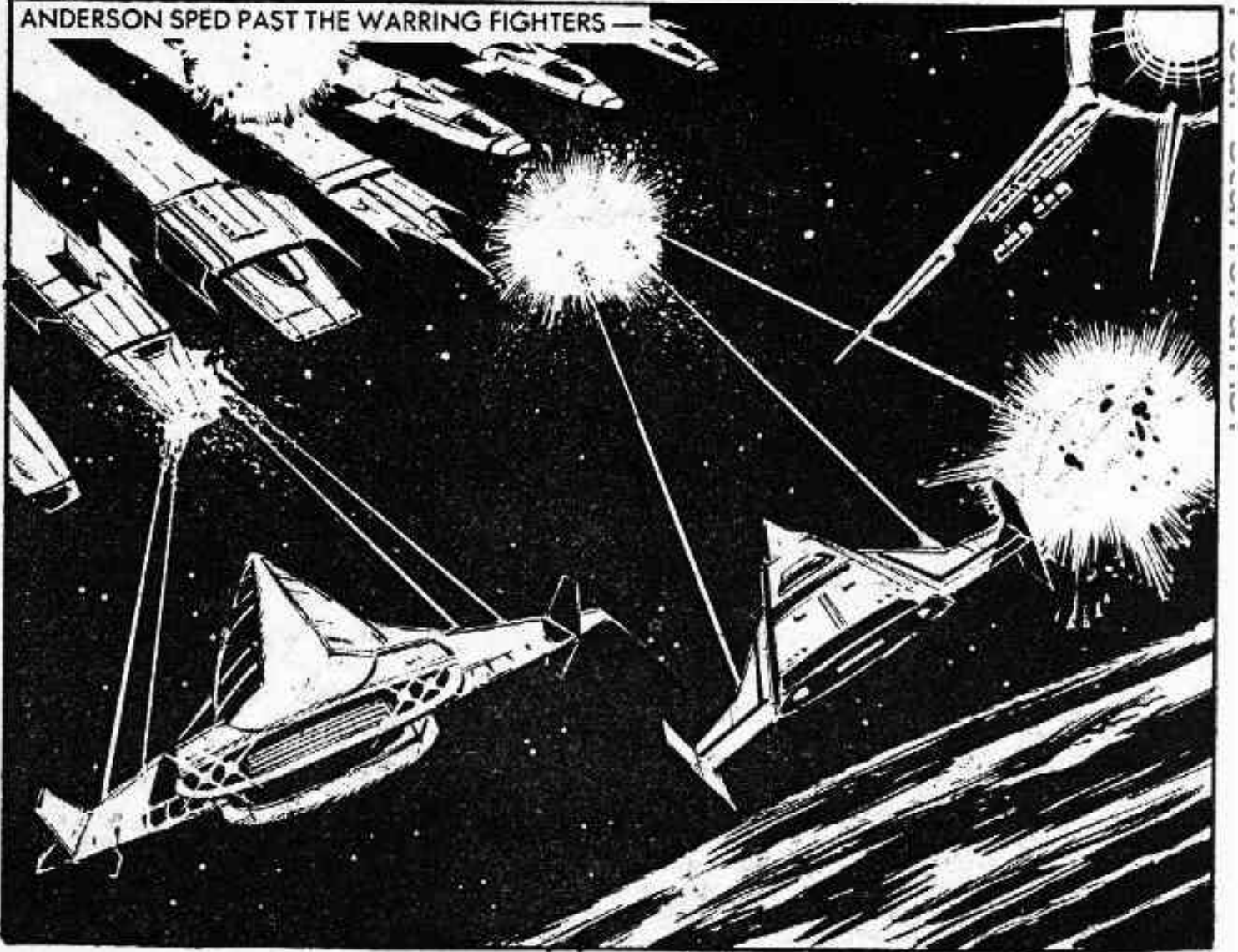
SUDDENLY, A SCREEN FLICKERED INTO LIFE —



MR PRESIDENT! WE HAVE PICKED UP A
SPACECRAFT COMING IN FROM NEPTUNE
SECTOR. THE PILOT CLAIMS THERE IS AN
ANTIDOTE HIDDEN. HE ASKS THAT WE PATCH
HIM INTO OUR MAINFRAME COMPUTER SYSTEMS.



ANDERSON SPED PAST THE WARRING FIGHTERS —



... AND INTO EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE.

ONCE RE-ENTRY WAS OVER —

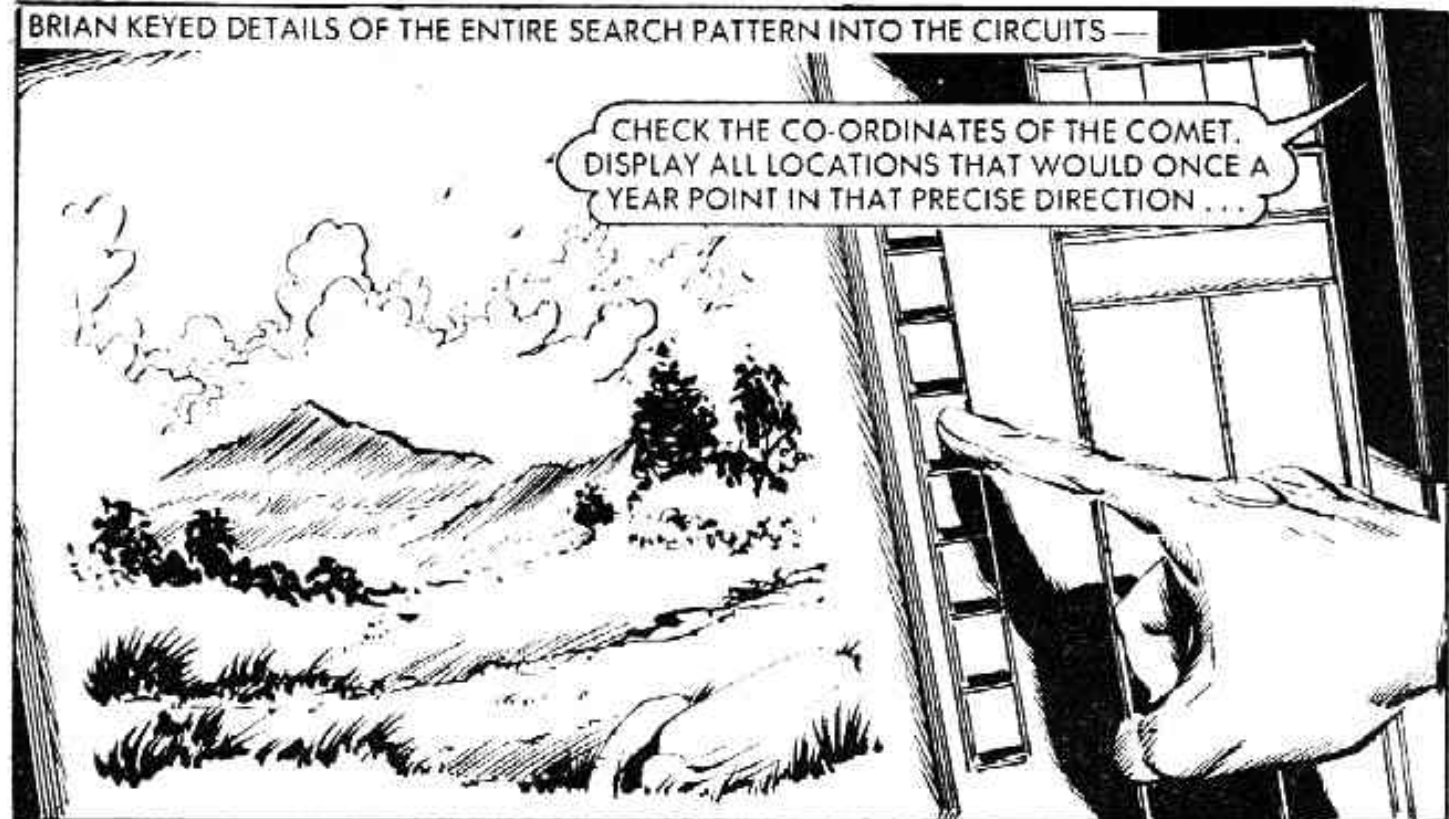
RE-ENTRY IN PROGRESS —

PATCH IN COMPUTER!
NOW TO START THE SEARCH.



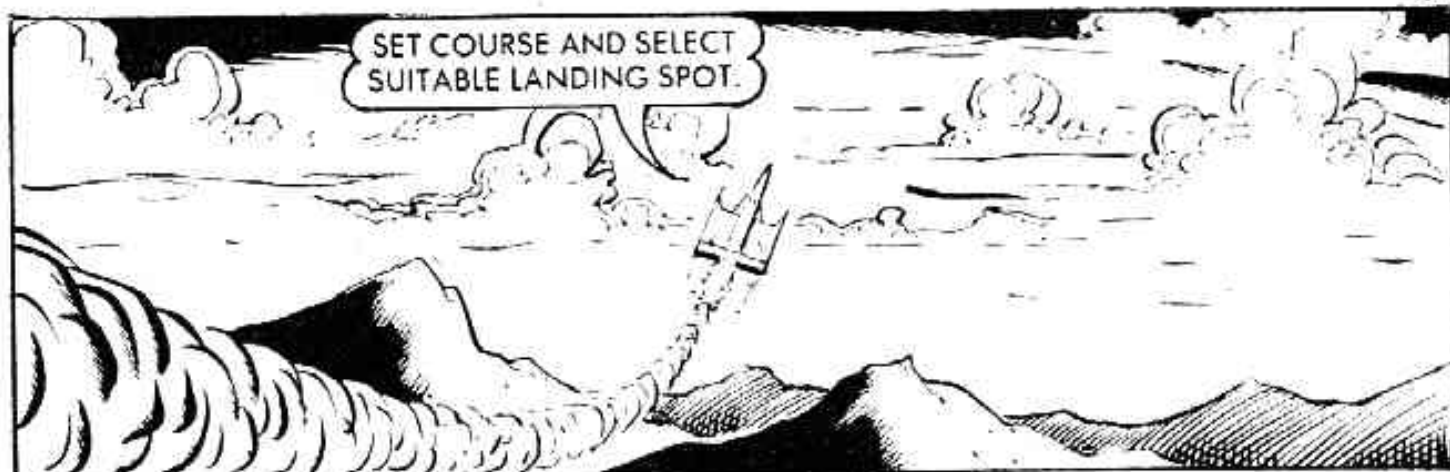
BRIAN KEYED DETAILS OF THE ENTIRE SEARCH PATTERN INTO THE CIRCUITS —

CHECK THE CO-ORDINATES OF THE COMET.
DISPLAY ALL LOCATIONS THAT WOULD ONCE A
YEAR POINT IN THAT PRECISE DIRECTION ...

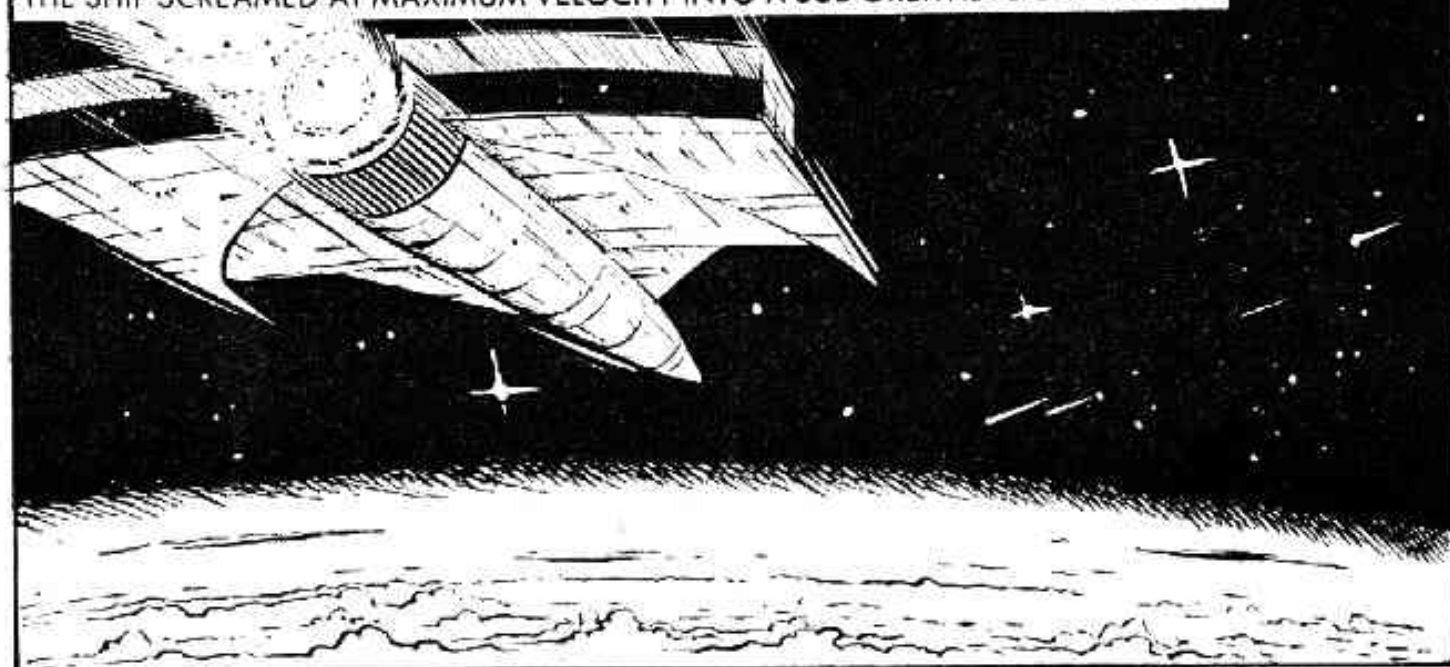


ONLY ONE SPOT HAS ALL REQUIREMENTS—
CO-ORD NUMBERS ARE:- 27 deg. 3' — 27 deg. 12'S
AND 109 deg. 14' — 109 deg. 28'W.

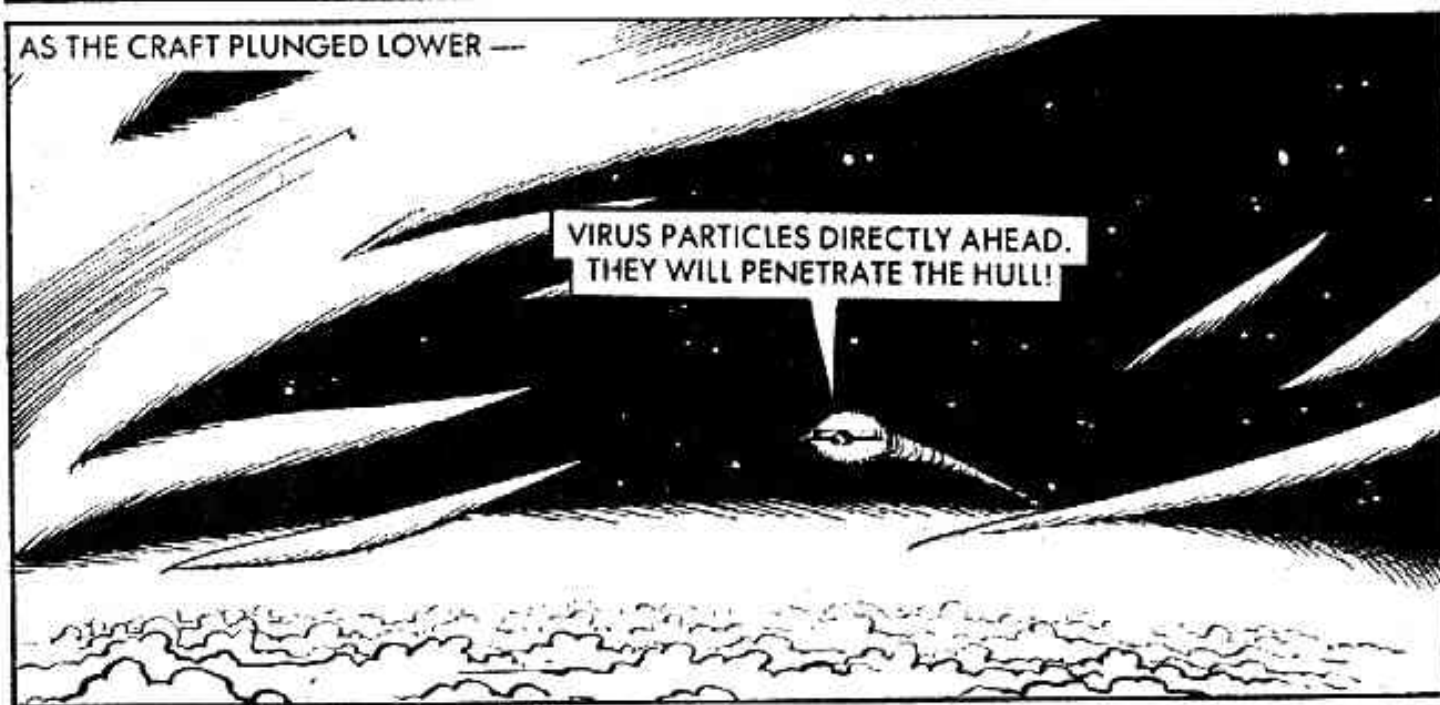




THE SHIP SCREAMED AT MAXIMUM VELOCITY INTO A SUB-ORBITAL FLIGHT PATH —



AS THE CRAFT PLUNGED LOWER —



SUDDENLY THE SHIP VEERED AWAY —



AUTOMATIC SAFETY! I MUST
OVERRIDE THE COMPUTER. I MUST
GET BACK ON COURSE.

BRIAN MANAGED TO OVERRIDE AUTOCONTROL —



I'LL TAKE MY CHANCE WITH THE
DISEASE. I MUST REACH THE SITE.

WITH TIME RUNNING OUT, HE LANDED —

MUST HURRY! WAIT,
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

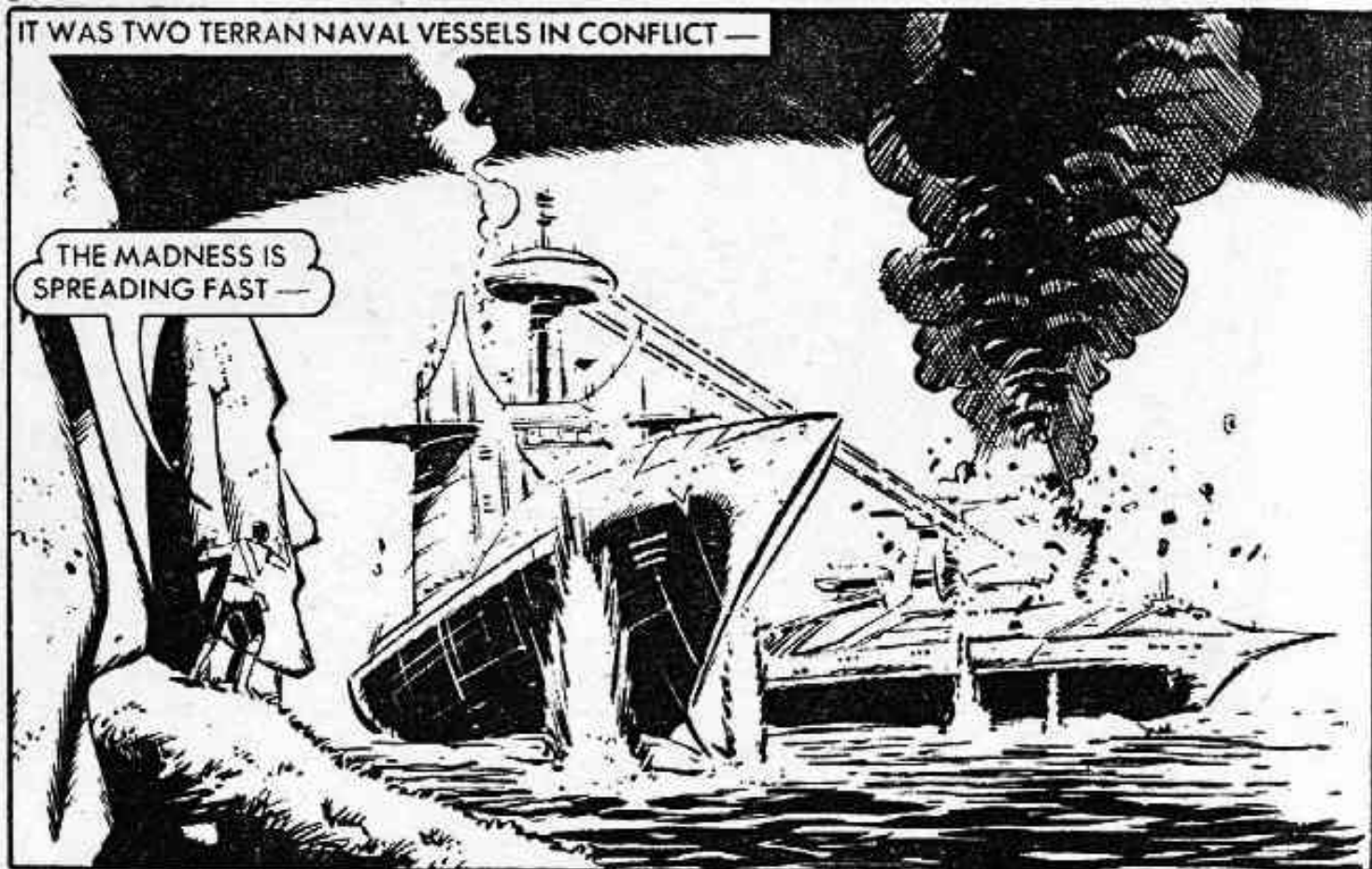


AN EARTH-SHATTERING ROAR AND A BLAST WAVE SHOOK THE ISLAND.



IT WAS TWO TERRAN NAVAL VESSELS IN CONFLICT —

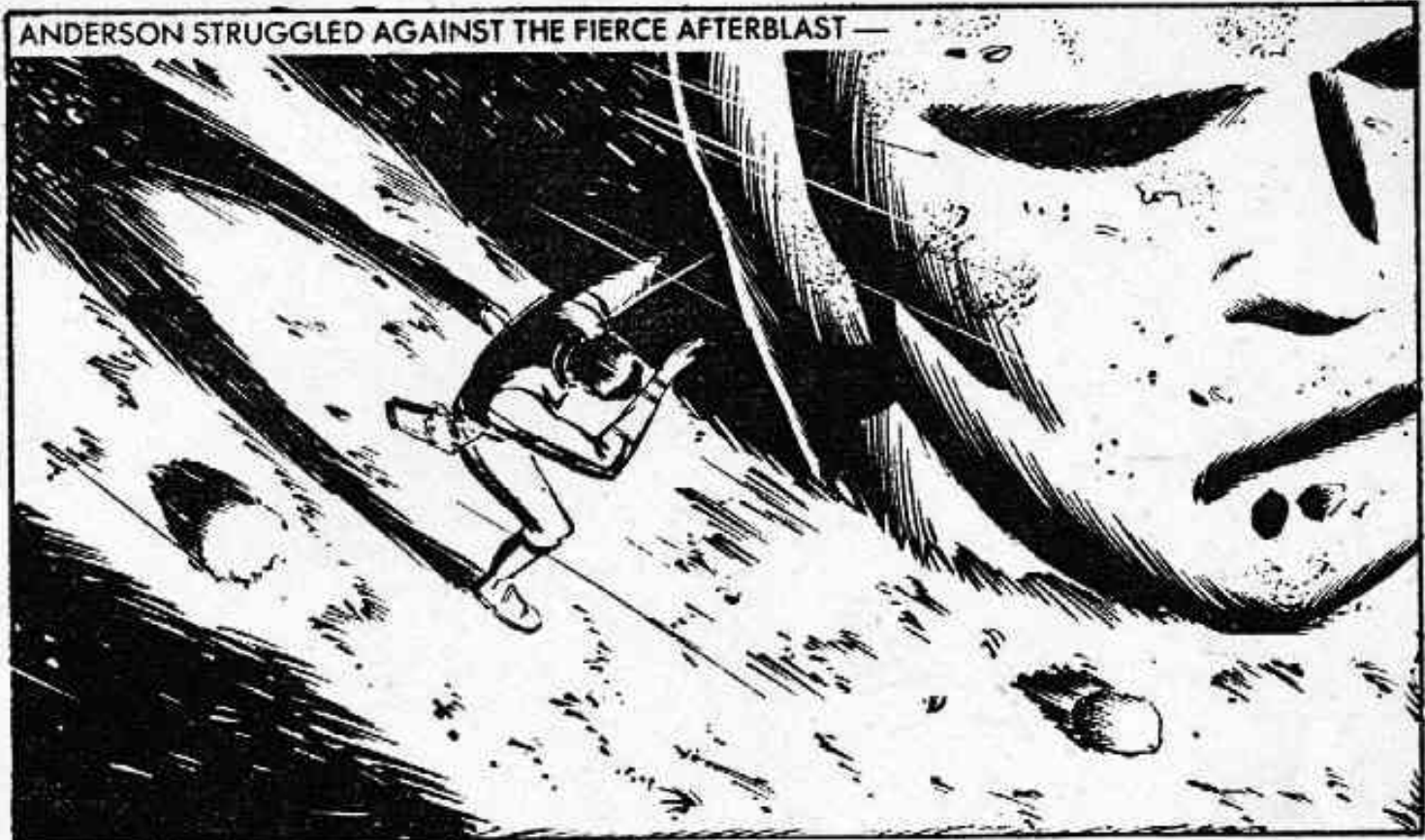
THE MADNESS IS
SPREADING FAST —



THIS IS THE SITE! BUT WHERE
DO I START TO LOOK.



ANDERSON STRUGGLED AGAINST THE FIERCE AFTERBLAST —



THE MADNESS FINALLY SUCCEEDED IN THE ANNIHILATION OF TWO SHIPS AND CREWS —







AS BRIAN LAY ON THE GROUND HALF STUNNED, REALISATION DAWNED.

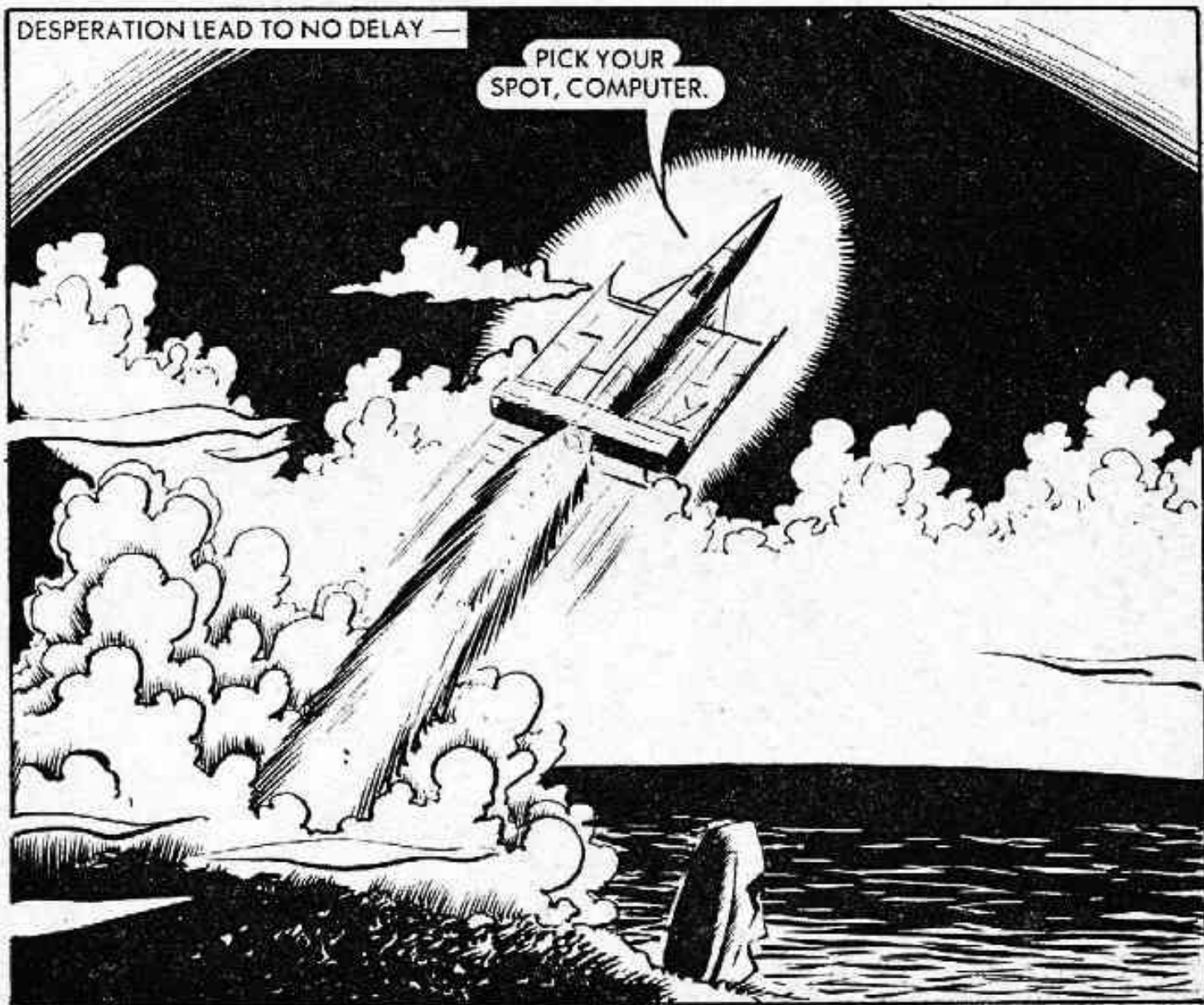




POSSIBLE ANSWER TO PROBLEM. THIS ISLAND, EASTER ISLAND, ANCIENT TERRAN NAME FOR LANDMASS OF VOLCANIC ORIGIN. LIES IN VICINITY OF CRACK IN EARTH'S CRUST ON SEABED. IF THIS CRACK CAN BE FOUND, POSSIBILITY OF CONTROLLED EXPLOSION.

DESPERATION LEAD TO NO DELAY —

PICK YOUR SPOT, COMPUTER.



THE COMPUTER SELECTED A LIKELY FAULT IN THE EARTH'S CRUST.

USING ALL AVAILABLE POWER, BRIAN ATTEMPTED TO "DRILL" HIS WAY INTO THE FISSURE.



INFRA-RED AND
THERMAL
MONITORS
INDICATE
EXTERNAL
TEMPERATURE IS IN
EXCESS OF
2000 DEG. C. . . .
AND RISING.

WE MUST
BE CLOSE!

MALFUNCTION! PRIMARY AND
SECONDARY SYSTEMS BLOWN. NO
POWER IN LESS THAN 20 SECONDS.

AUTODESTRUCT SEQUENCE
... AND EJECT.

AUTODESTRUCT HAS
TO BLOW A CRACK
BIG ENOUGH TO LET
THE MOLTEN LAVA
AND GASSES
ESCAPE.

THE INCREDIBLE PRESSURE STUNNED ANDERSON AS HIS CAPSULE TOOK HIM CLEAR OF DANGER...



... WHILE THOUSANDS OF FEET BELOW, THE SPACECRAFT AUTODESTRUCTED.





THEN LIKE THE ROARING OF A WIND, GAS, LAVA AND FORCES OF UNIMAGINABLE PRESSURE SOUGHT TO RELEASE THEMSELVES.



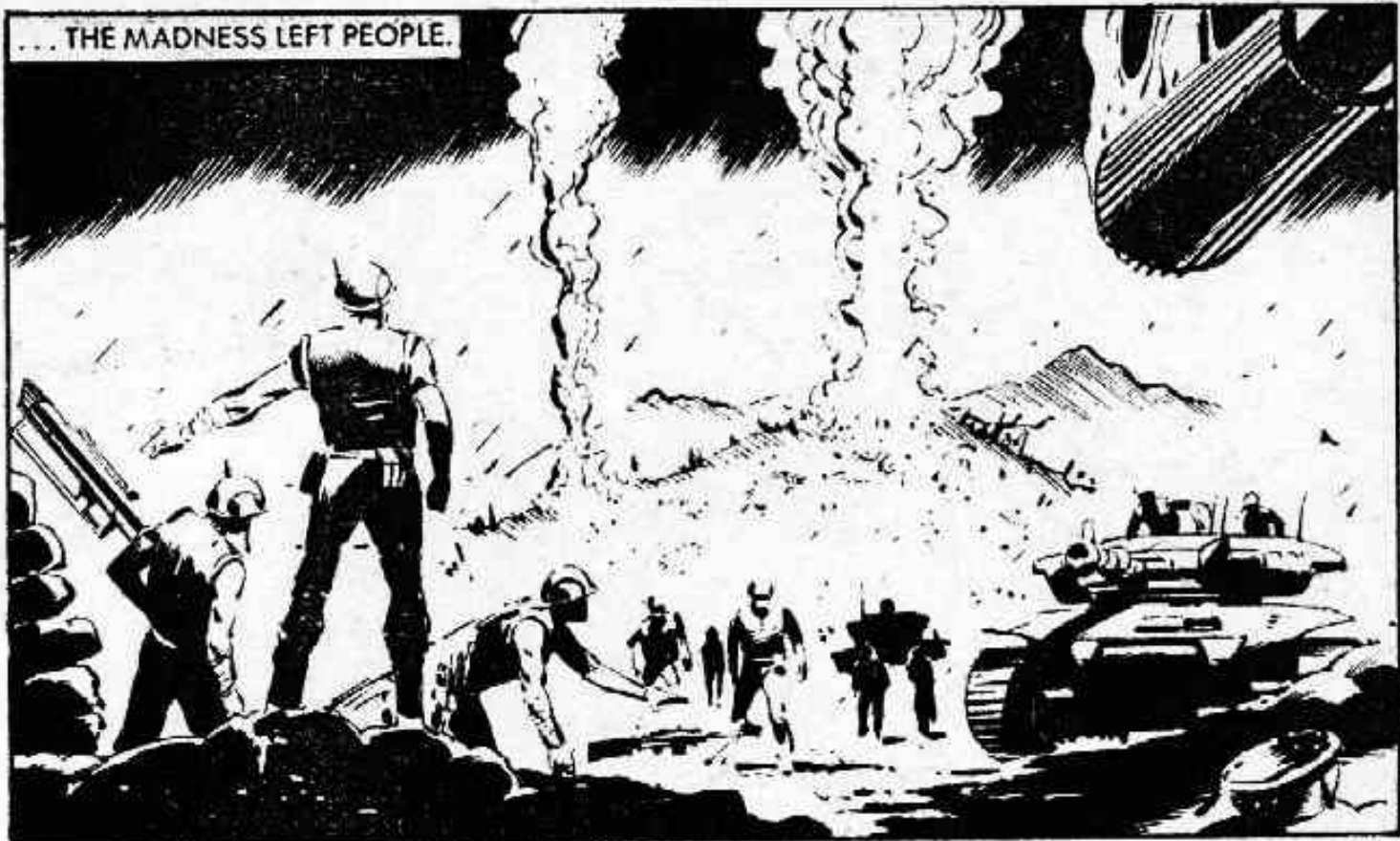
THE HOWLING GALES CAUSED BY THE WHITE HEAT DISPERSED THE ANTIDOTE FAR AND WIDE...



... AND WHEN IT FELL AS RAIN ...



... THE MADNESS LEFT PEOPLE.



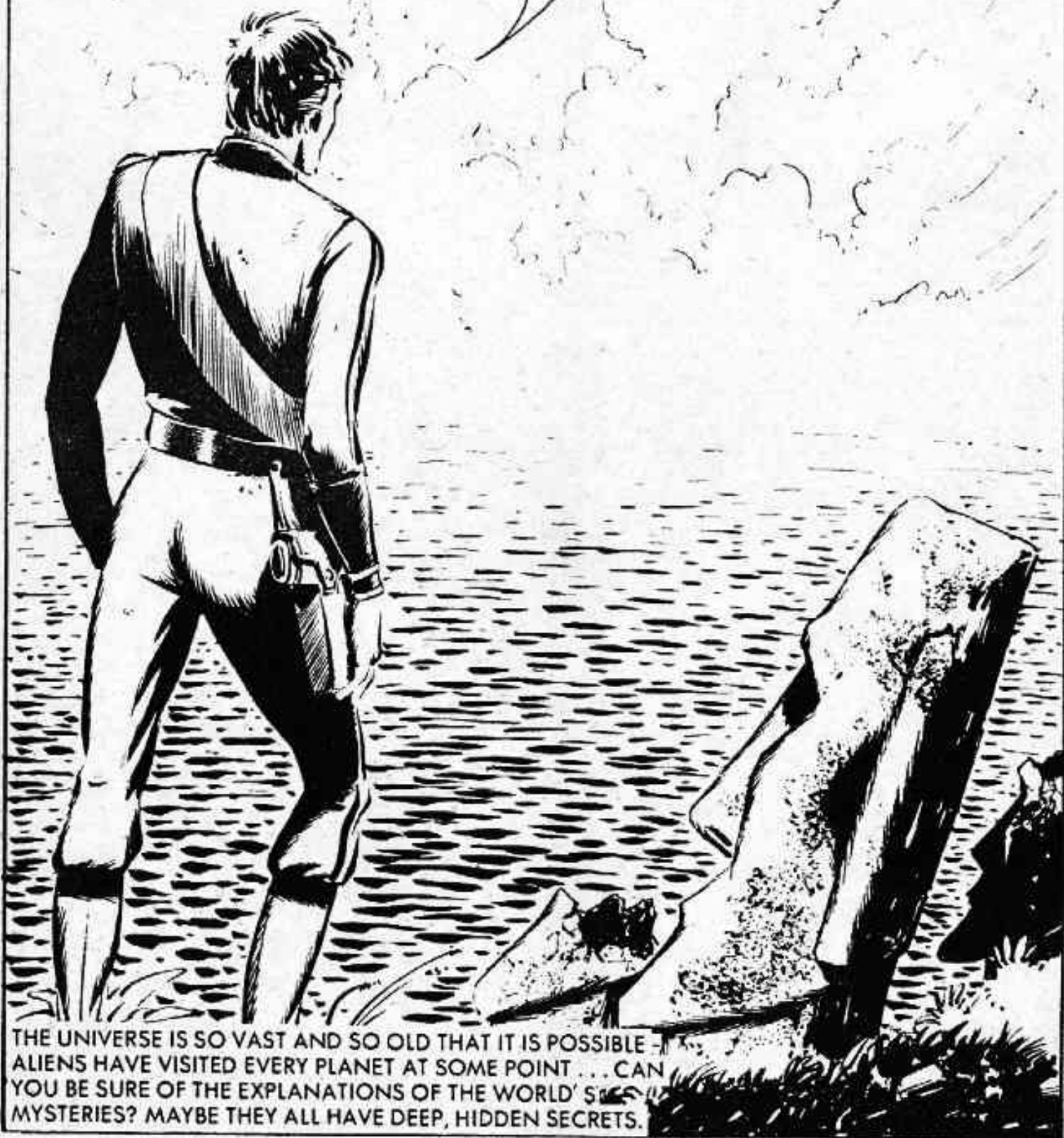
ONCE A DEGREE OF SANITY WAS RESTORED, A MEDSHIP WAS SENT TO INVESTIGATE THE "DISTURBANCE" NEAR EASTER ISLAND, WHERE THEY DISCOVERED ANDERSON.

... AND THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED! IS THE MADNESS ERADICATED?

NOT QUITE ... BUT NOW WE HAVE THE ANTIDOTE, IT IS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE IT IS ELIMINATED.



AT LAST, THE PURPOSE OF THESE STONE IDOLS HAS BEEN DISCOVERED . . . AND SAVED THE WORLD. I WONDER IF ANY OF THE OTHER MYSTERIES HAVE SECRETS LIKE THIS?



THE UNIVERSE IS SO VAST AND SO OLD THAT IT IS POSSIBLE - ALIENS HAVE VISITED EVERY PLANET AT SOME POINT . . . CAN YOU BE SURE OF THE EXPLANATIONS OF THE WORLD'S MYSTERIES? MAYBE THEY ALL HAVE DEEP, HIDDEN SECRETS.

**DON'T
MISS**

**THIS MONTH'S OTHER
ACTION-PACKED
ADVENTURE**



THIS STRANGE ALIEN CRAFT
CONTAINS HORRORS AT EVERY TURN

NIGHTMARE SHIP!

NOW ON SALE



Gemini 11 pilot, Lieutenant Commander Richard Francis Gordon Jr., 37, was launched on 12th September, 1966. His 2 day 23 hr. 17 min. 8 sec. mission was followed by flying around the Moon in Apollo 12, launched on 14th November, 1969 and lasting 10 days 4 hrs. 36 min. 25 sec. As with most other astronauts, he has retired from the space programme and is now in industry.